

CINDERELLAS OF THE SEA. By David W. Bone.
PUBLIC SCHOOLS TIMBER CAMP.

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XL.—No. 1030.

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VISCOUNTESS BROOME.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES :—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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THE TIMBER PROBLEM

A FEW weeks ago we showed in terms that are incontrovertible that the present war is largely one of timber. Wood is as necessary to the Army as men, guns or shells. In the future no country will enjoy security unless it commands an adequate supply of timber. A great point was gained when on September 20th the English Arboricultural Society met and discussed the question from this point of view. The resolutions put before the meeting were rejected, but they at least disclosed a growing apprehension of the facts. At any rate, very little result has been gained in the past by carrying resolutions. They closely resembled those good intentions with which the way to Hell is said to be paved. Passing resolutions is an occupation in which any public body can indulge to an unlimited extent, but to do so with good effect it is necessary

that it should be more than a duty to carry them into practice. Underlying those passed by the arboriculturists was the assumption that His Majesty's Government will after the war be pretty much in the same position as it was before. But is this true as regards the pivot and centre of the argument, the power to advance money at a low rate of interest? Most of us wish it were; but it is, unfortunately, obvious that a country of not inexhaustible resources, after years of spending at the rate of £5,000,000 a day, will be as strong neither in credit nor capital as it was before. The national purse-strings will have to be tightened.

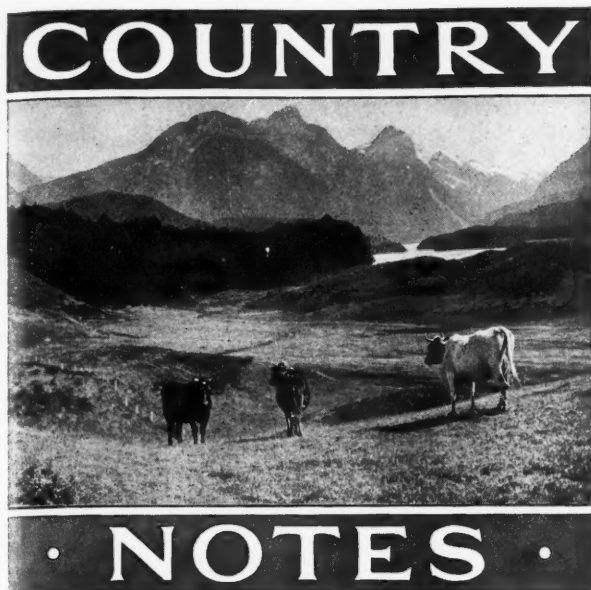
Were this not so the Arboricultural Society would do well to take a broader view of the national problem. Instead of making a call upon the national resources it is possible to increase them and still gain the end in view. But for that purpose silviculture should take agriculture by the hand—surely no unnatural position for arts so closely allied. One practical difference is that while agriculture can redeem the waste with immediate profit, the return from silviculture must be long deferred. If the two are worked together, each may be self-supporting. It is easiest to argue by way of example, and Dartmoor, as far as it is an uncultivated area, will serve our purpose. Great spaces are suitable for farm crops, still greater spaces for timber—indeed, timber was largely grown on it centuries ago. The cost of afforestation could be reduced to a minimum if combined with an intelligent scheme of reclamation. In drawing up a scheme which depends ultimately upon compulsion the council precluded itself from objecting to the application of the same principle to the agricultural treatment of waste land which is required for agricultural purposes. A very grave and serious issue is thus raised as regards personal control of land. In the past the sober common-sense of the majority of Englishmen has rejected the idea of treating land differently from other forms of property. They have done so on the ground that within well understood limits a man should be permitted to do what he likes with land legitimately inherited or acquired. But now the issue is raised, not by politics, but by war, which has shown us the very great advantage of increasing the production of food to a maximum.

With a practical people the problem may find its own solution. Already the increase in farming profits has had the effect of bringing more land into cultivation, a fact shown again in the recent agricultural returns after a lapse of a generation. Rising prices have ever been the evangelists of reclamation. Yet unless persuasion or other force is applied a long time may elapse before large areas of peat bog and heather are attacked. When this occurs forestry should unite with agriculture so as to get the growing of timber established as a sound business proposition. As a means to that end it may be advisable for the Government to plant and grow on its own account. Private owners would not be slow to take the hint if it were demonstrated that a new way of adding to the value of their land had been opened up. It matters nothing who does the planting so long as the hillsides and other suitable localities are clothed with growing plantations. But to attain that object it is most desirable that more attention should be devoted to getting trees into the ground and less to passing resolutions. All the same, it is to the good that the Royal Arboricultural Society should have in this striking manner testified to their consciousness that a critical moment has risen in the history of British forestry. Everyone who goes about the country is struck with the fact that whole districts are stripped of trees, nor is there any prospect that consumption will abate within a reasonable period. The demands made by the war are as great and as imperative as ever, while the other uses of wood are only held in check with the greatest difficulty. Nearly every industry and every individual feels the scarcity of wood directly or indirectly. Things will be worse before they become better, and every support should be given to any promising scheme for raising the supply to something more proportionate to the demand.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Viscountess Broome, whose marriage to Commander Viscount Broome, nephew of the late Lord Kitchener, took place on September 11th.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to L.M.



WHEN a couple of sturdy woodmen are splitting a tough and gnarled trunk, a creak is heard when a hard knot gives. Similarly, a tremor runs through the German lines as Sir Douglas Haig and our brave French Allies drive home their wedge into the enemy front. After a series of brilliant victories which have made famous for all time such names as Pozieres, Contalmaison, Guillemont, Ginchy, Flers, Martinpuich, Les Bœufs, Morval, Maurepas and Bouchavesnes, with mighty and resounding blows they brought about the fall of Combles. At the same time, Sir Douglas Haig was able to announce the capture of Thiepval on the left. Thus the wedge is being driven home. Bapaume is brought within the range of operations, and when it falls the first objective of the July offensive will have been achieved. A glance at the map will show what a serious dent has now been made in the German lines. Hindenburg is faced with the knowledge that a shortening of the line has become a military necessity.

EVERY new air-raid adds another proof to the foolishness—if that be not too light a word to describe an outcome of vindictive malice—of those who plan and direct them. It is foolish to think that the people of Great Britain can be terrorised by savagery; foolish to imagine that the cleverest industrial race in the world cannot find means to counter assault by a mechanical invention; most foolish of all to run up a long bill of murder. Every thoughtful German must now be conscious that his nation will be brought to account for the unmilitary acts characteristic of their part in this war. No murder of a woman or a baby will be forgotten, all will be marshalled against her. And the Germans have ever plumed themselves on being purists in the grim etiquette of war that distinguishes between the combatant and the non-combatant. They are destroying their own defence of the various "executions" of those who have lifted a hand in self-defence. Besides all which, it is becoming more and more obvious that the Zeppelin is not an efficient engine of war; its expeditions are part of a losing game, and its history that of the submarine which, damaging at first, was gradually mastered by the skill and resourcefulness of our seamen.

DISABLED, invalided or retired officers and gentlemen rankers who have served during the war are to come under the wing of the newly formed council which has for its vice-presidents Sir W. R. Robertson, Sir George Scott Moncrieff, Lady Beatty, Lady Cowdray and the Duke of Newcastle. It is in the nature of an employment bureau for the purpose of finding employment for such as have either been officers or gentlemen rankers and have been dislocated from their former connections by joining the Army. But the intention is not to stop there. Many of those who have fallen have left behind them families or dependents, and one of the aims is to assist the inexperienced with funds for the purpose of their being trained at various commercial and industrial centres and institutions. This will qualify them for various positions and help to supply the shortage of skilled assistants in trades, industries and offices which we may expect to

exist after the war. It is an admirable scheme, and stands out as one thoroughly deserving of public support.

HEAVY tribute has been levied on eldest sons during the last two weeks of war. No fewer than three Ministers of the Crown have suffered this loss for their country, viz., the Prime Minister, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Pike Pease. Another of the Pease family, Mr. Howard Pease of Otterburn Tower, Northumberland, lost his only son in the middle of last week. It will be remembered that Mr. Howard Pease contributed an article on Sir Walter Scott in last week's number. He wrote, in returning the proof, that he was just starting for Abbotsford, where the anniversary of the Wizard's death was made the occasion of a visit from the Berwickshire Naturalist Club. Mr. Pease was expected to speak, as he is a recognised authority on Sir Walter, but the sad news of his loss must have come to him almost as he arrived at his destination. Such is the scourge of war. It recalls the passage in Holy Writ about Rachel weeping for her children and she would not be comforted because they were not.

LORD FARINGDON and the Committee of which he is Chairman have designed a very interesting experiment. It is, in brief, to establish a new bank to be called "The British Trade Bank," the capital to be £10,000,000, of which the first issue shall be from £2,500,000 to £5,000,000. The leading idea is that the aim of the institution should be the extension of our foreign commerce and that it should not interfere in any way with the business of the banks. In fact, the other banks should be strongly represented on it both as regards personnel and capital. The suggestion is open to criticism in various directions, but it constitutes a very important effort to meet the German banking system on its own ground, and if not accepted in its entirety, should at least serve as the foundation stone on which an adequate statue may be raised.

THE GHOST.

Last night, within the Music Hall
Beside me in a vacant place,
I saw him sitting fair and tall,
With the light upon his face.

Not changed? He smiled in the old way
I bent towards him: "So" I said
"You're back?"—then turned and watched the play,
Forgetting he was dead.

I saw him there without a doubt?
But at the close of the next scene
He'd gone—just as a lamp goes out.
As though he had not been.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

THE Council of the Smithfield Fat Cattle Show were this year faced by a difficulty. The Minister of Munitions raised an objection to the transport of machinery, and it is well known that the Show depends for its profit on more than the fat stock. If it were severely confined to animals, there would certainly be a balance on the wrong side. Sentimentally, there was the great objection to postponing the Show that it has gone on continuously since the year 1799, when it was originated. Under the circumstances, however, it was perhaps better that the Show should not be held this year. In regard to animals, breeders have obtained every encouragement that could be desired from the very high prices prevailing, and the exhibition of fat specimens was not needed on this occasion to stimulate their efforts. The work of preparing meat for the butcher and birds for the table has been going on as hard as possible during the year, the only difficulty being found in the scarcity of material to work upon. After all, the war itself is unprecedented, and a stoppage of the Show this year will have some historic value in the years to come.

MR. WALTER LONG'S assurance that one of the first important works to be undertaken after the war is the provision of better cottages for the labourers will be cordially welcomed. As he says, men must not be taken from the wet, muddy trenches and sent to pigsties. But we do not quite gather who is to put up the cottages or who is to have the spending of the twenty millions which are deemed necessary and which the State will presumably provide. Are the farmers to be helped? Surely they do not need it just

now. Or is the money to be allocated exclusively to the housing of those who take advantage of the Land Settlement for Ex-soldiers Scheme? Most authorities appear to agree that this plan is unattractive and unworkable, that it will never be carried out. It has utterly failed to arouse enthusiastic support. Probably in the end a reclamation scheme will be substituted for it—in that case the housing problem will be very easy of solution. At any rate, there has been no trouble with it in Holland.

AT the end of a detailed and careful report on Mr. Paynter's chicken-rearing experiment a suggestion is made which deserves application in an extended degree. It is that the work could advantageously be conducted on co-operative lines. Both cheapness of production and efficiency might easily be improved if each member of a colony of small-holders specialised in one branch of poultry keeping. One could devote himself to egg production, another to the rearing of four-pound fowls for the market, a third to fattening and finishing the best quality of table fowls. Associated with these should be market gardeners each working on his own line. Say the total area was twenty acres, and four were needed for the poultry runs. Let these be moved on yearly. In that case the fowls every year would leave behind them four acres of very heavily manured ground, which under the spade would produce magnificent vegetables. But if 2,000 or 3,000 fowls were prepared for sale and any considerable number of eggs obtained from hens devoted exclusively to that purpose, there would be manure enough for double the quantity of land. It could be utilised on the other plots till a sound rotation were established. Thus the fertility of the soil would be notably increased, while the men doing it would all the while be earning good profits.

A VALUABLE suggestion is put forward in the newly issued Victoria and Albert Museum "Review of the Principal Acquisitions During the Year 1915." It arose out of the action of two ecclesiastical authorities. One was that of the rectors and churchwardens of St. Augustine with St. Faith's, Old Change, in the City of London. They lent the museum a fine group of seventeenth century Communion plate and also a few Elizabethan pieces. The other was Kilverstone Church, Norfolk, which lent an Elizabethan Communion plate. Mr. Cecil Smith in his introductory note expresses a hope that other churches will follow this excellent example. In many churches valuable plate no longer in use is hidden away from public view. Practically speaking, it is inaccessible. Were such treasures lent to the Museum, they would be in safer keeping than they are now, while at the same time students and the general public would welcome the opportunity to study these. It is disappointing to learn that an invitation sent out to the City churches to this intent has up to now met with no response.

DURING the last fortnight of September, as is usual, a great number of farm sales were held in the country. A considerable proportion of tenants are shifting their homes, and it would not be very easy to analyse the reasons by which they are actuated. A few have failed to realise that war is the farmer's opportunity, and that great profits are certain to be made long after its cessation. What frightens them most is the difficulty of obtaining labour, though a journey from the South of England to the middle of Scotland discloses very little careless or bad cultivation, and fields on the whole are clean and in good condition. A still greater incentive to leaving is the extraordinary prices which are being obtained for all kinds of farm equipment and machinery. We have seen old sets of harness sold for very much more than they cost, and as to ploughs, harrows, hay-sweeps and the other machinery in which iron centres largely, there seems no end to the prices buyers are willing to give. Nor is this difficult to understand. Those who usually manufacture agricultural implements have had their works commandeered for munition purposes, and it is very difficult indeed to get orders fulfilled.

IN consequence of all this farmers who are up in years consider the time very suitable for retiring from business. They have made a good deal of money within the last few years, and the unexpected windfalls which come from the sales just supply the margin that enables them to see the way to live in comfort for the remainder of their days. In nearly every case of which we know it is the older men who are withdrawing from their farms. The young and enterprising, on the contrary, are keen on obtaining more land. They recognise that the great industry in which they are

engaged has undergone a revival beyond anything they had reason to expect, and they are determined to make hay while the sun shines. Whatever may be the sentimental attitude to small holdings, it is certain that the farmers who do best are those who increase the extent of their occupation. If they had hundreds of acres before, they want thousands now; and the number of pluralists is steadily on the increase. Somehow they do not feel the scarcity of labour as much as their elders do. A really enterprising farmer who had his crops in a fortnight before his neighbours told us the other day that it was accomplished simply by taking on men at the wages they asked. He was frank enough to say that the margin of profit was amply sufficient to enable him to do this. He had sold the first of his wheat at 62s. a quarter, and declared that it was a shame to put it on the market.

MR. DAVID BONE'S charming contribution to this number, which he entitles the "Cinderellas of the Sea," incidentally brings out the vast potential resources of Great Britain in regard to the provision of seamen. Nothing ever will change the fact that an island with a beautifully broken coast admirably fitted for every kind of harbour, from that which will accommodate a mighty fleet to the tiny cove or inlet which serves to harbour fishing boats and maintain a fishing population, will, other things being equal, breed more seamen than any landlocked empire. It has indeed an inexhaustible field for recruiting. The old-fashioned line and net fishing boats have of recent years been supplemented by fleets of trawlers whose usefulness the war has demonstrated. In accordance with the number of men engaged is the multifold character of their boats, ranging from a first-rate steam trawler down to the "Cinderellas" described by Mr. Bone. No one really familiar with our coasts and their people could imagine the Germans winning the mastery of the seas from our Island Empire.

"THE LONG WHITE ROAD TO PERONNE"

(For "S. W.")

Will it ever be silent again,
The long white road to Peronne,
Ever be free of the tramp,
Of men who march thereon?

Will ever the Moon swing low,
O'er the long white road to Peronne,
Watching the reapers go,
Singing home to Peronne?

When the bugles cease to call,
Down the long white road to Peronne,
They shall sing the harvest home,
Home in peace to Peronne.

But we—we shall walk with ghosts,
Down the long white road to Peronne,
Hearing for ever the feet,
The feet of men that are gone.

JOAN CAMPBELL.

OFFICIAL summer time ends on Sunday, and the occasion seems to be a favourable one for reviewing the experiment. It has undoubtedly worked extremely well in towns. Nobody seems really to have experienced any inconvenience from the clock being put an hour forward. It induced the majority of people to go to bed an hour earlier, and in most cases the extra hour of daylight has been spent in the open air, either in gardening or innocent amusement. The change therefore is likely to become permanent. Whatever grumbling has been heard in regard to it comes from the country, where early rising in summer is almost a necessary habit. One or two sturdy farmers of the old type have resolutely refused to have anything to do with what they call "Man's Time." They kept their clocks and watches as they had been before, and when this resulted in the loss of trains and similar misadventures they railed against the interference in good set terms. But even in the country the change has not worked at all badly. Where rising was very early things went on just as before, but in such an important matter as the delivery of milk the dairy farmers fell in cheerfully with the new arrangements, and milk has been delivered at the little towns and small villages as punctually according to the new time as it was in the old time. During very pressing times, as in the gathering of the harvest, no difficulty was experienced in getting the men to work early and late.

CINDERELLAS OF THE SEA

BY DAVID W. BONE.

ABOUT the docks and harbours it is quite like the old days again, with tall masts and fine spars standing up over the high dockside warehouses and long bowsprits and booms with their rigging and gear pointing, above a graceful figure-head, over the dock walls and roadway. After long years of neglect and ill-usage the Cinderellas of the Sea Service are coming to their own, reborn in the stress of warfare and bearing in to the ports in our time of need: the old gallants that (in the insolence of our invention and ingenuity and knowledge) we had thought were passed away to the limbo of the wreckers' slip and the junk-yard we yet find true and serviceable—like many of the old tools that tyrant Mars has forced to our hands again.

How they grace the quays and dockside with their fine proportions, standing out above the dingy sheds and cranes and gantrys, where, but a little while ago, stumpy naked poles, lean funnels and squat, wall-ended bows made up the view. It is not that the steamers have suddenly retired from the service, leaving the field to the old ships: they still are here, more numerous perhaps than ever, with their winches rattling at high pressure and a lift of grimy smoke at their funnel tips; but somehow they fail to take the eye in the way that the sailing ships do, and, be they ever so insistent with their clamour of lading and discharge, one heeds them only as comparison to the finer lines of the old square-rigger.

On board the steamers there seems little that is seamanlike recalled by their harbour sounds and doings. Preparation for the voyage is all out of sight. The engine-room casing shuts out all view of the tuning up and repair and adjustment that may be going on, and no anticipation of a voyage comes to the mind, prompted by movement about her decks. Certainly the loading is plain to see, but that varies little from the round of factory work ashore. Here is the *S.S. Strathmore* taking bunker coal for a long passage to the Plate. She has lately come from some far Western port with grain in bulk, and the stench of the refuse

of her cargo still clings to each load of dirty dunnage wood that her deck hands are hoisting out of the holds. The loading of her fuel is regular and monotonous, quite in keeping with the rigid commercial lines of her. A stout hatchman sways a long pole, unpins a slung coal wagon, and shouts lustily, "from under there," as the bulk of grimy fuel goes hurtling to her bunker hatch. She has a choking



C. E. Wanless.

AN ICE SHIP FROM NORWAY.

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layer of coal dust all over her, and stokers are adding to her distress by trucking ashes from the stokehold hoists and piling them high on the littered fore-deck. In an hour or two she will be swinging out of dock with the reek of the last coal wagon still hanging in mid-air about her.

How different is the scene and atmosphere aboard the *Queen of Scots*, a once despised old wind-jammer, but now again a successful trader! The life and movement of it all seem somehow more human, less mechanical, brisker

in a way, yet lacking the feverish hustle of the tide-serving steamer. One's old romantic vision of the sea is quickened by the creak of block and halliard and the deep-throated hails of rigger-men at work aloft. What a tale of real seafaring there is in the thrap-thrap of square sail thrown loose at the yardarms to dry in the breeze; and, with it all, the smell of tar—keen, wholesome and pungent—that the riggers use to pay their work and make it weatherly! Even the veriest landsman can mark the tale of it and sense the purpose of such busy preparation. If the mysteries of her rig and gear are beyond him, he can have but little imagination if the thrash and rustle of the bellying canvas echoing in the blue vault overhead does not suggest the old ship's impatience of harbour control and the restraint of her mooring hawsers.

More intimate, perhaps, are the varied "jobs o' work" that progress about her decks, all objective of the coming voyage. Sailmakers are busily repairing their weather-worn canvas in one sheltered corner. In the sailing ship's earlier days such work was looked upon as a job for the 'longshore sail loft, but cinder-raking days have taught the square-rigger's



C. E. Wanless. A SCANDINAVIAN TIMBER SHIP. Copyright.

men how much they can do without the aid of shore labour, and now, even when palmy days are come again, the work is done on board. Caulkers are tapping and filling leaky seams on her fore-decks against the days when high green seas will crash aboard and thunder in foam along the planks. Stores are being shipped at the gangway; coils of rope of all sizes, block shells and sheaves, bolts of new canvas, wire and shackles, marlinspikes, kegs of paint and oils, lie stacked on the quayside. It is many a day since such an indent was passed for the *Queen of Scots*, but now that she is earning good money her owners are none so critical of needed disbursements. Every item of the heap speaks of a long voyage, of anticipations of strong winds and heavy weather before the old ship comes to port again.

Apart from the running gear and boatswain's stores, a serious-faced steward is taking tally of provisions. Book and manifest in hand, he sorts them out—this marked "cabin" and that "crew." Although they bulk a goodly pile, tons maybe, the steward sighs loudly as he makes his tally complete: some of the crew are busy handling the stores, passing the tins from one to another on the way to



SHOWING WINDMILL PUMP FOR LEAKY VESSELS.

Windmill sails set to catch the breeze, water pumped as the vessel is sailing.

the lazarette. It is particularly for these helpers the steward makes his discontent plain: no landsman could guess the need for his sighs—for the serious face with which he regards his task of taking delivery. He is a steward indeed, he is an old hand.

Come a month or two at sea, and the master urging economy (and black looks and scowls his quota from the crew), will he not be able to recall this day—to remind his grumbling shipmates how he foresaw short commons? It is with this a-mind he mutters at his task and tells the sailors who are at work with him of how the men lived high in his last ship! Not many of the sailing ships that now throng to our ports



C. E. Wanless. CINDERELLA AT THE QUAYSIDE. Copyright.

are British, though nearly all above 1,000 tons in size began their sea life under the Red Ensign. For the most part their names remain unchanged. In this there is method, for the name and fame of a fast sailer—a seaworthy vessel, a good carrier, a handy ship—are tangible assets in the ship market, where long memories prevail. But if—for a reason—the old ship sails under a new name, it is not difficult to trace her. It is easy enough to paint out her headboards and the lettering on the stern, but the graving on her bell and capstan and wheel boss is cut deeply in and would call for complete renewal if the new owners were concerned that the old ship's identity be blotted. Even then, there remains the register. No royal pedigree is scheduled with greater care than is a vessel's history. All her particulars are minutely recorded. Every time she comes to dock for a wash and brush up even is set down on record for all men. She may pretend to be the *Providence* of Marseilles, with as saucy a French air as ever was, but we can learn quickly that she was the *Fede* of Kingstown to begin with, flirted awhile as the *Erasmia*, and sailed soberly as the *Blue and White* before she came to know the *Quai de la Fraternité* as her home port.

Go on board the *Heimdal* of Porsgrund as she lies unloading nitres from the West Coast. About the fore-castle you will find blue-eyed Scandinavians talking in their many vowelled dialect,



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A HERRING BOAT AND REFLECTIONS.

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the cook will be hammering stock-fish in the galley, and there will be a smell of garlic about her forward decks. A foreign-looking craft she is, with shell-like small boats on her skids and ice-cutting spars a-top the deck houses. If the ship's bell on the head is not quite painted over, you will read *Sierra Cordoba* of Liverpool, 1877. Not very long ago she was one of a famous line of white beauties that sailed from the Mersey, swift clippers that made their passage out and home with almost the regularity of a modern steamer. If you are venturesome and climb to her mizzen-top, you will find it scored and criss-crossed with names and initials of many master-seamen now commanding the finest vessels in the British Merchant Service, for the Sierras were famous training ships in their day.

I wonder how the old ship feels, lying snugly in her home port again after the long years of neglect! How she must have found it strange to discover respectful groups of 'long-shoremen awaiting her at the pier-heads as she came in from sea—and the dockmaster as civil and genial as if she were the Royal Mail on time! Not now the hard words about her long bowsprit and boom taking up all the quay space, and her yards imperilling the windows of the high dock-side warehouses. No; no! She is welcome indeed, and shippers rub their hands at news of her arrival—she is an influence for their good in the soaring freight market, every ton burthen of her weighs against a rise.

What a telling she had to come through in her cinder-raking days, before the stern War God taught us how little had been all our boasted advance after all! Then there was no longshore retinue awaiting her at the pier heads—the shipchandler and the butcher and the storeman and the nautical chartseller had no time to waste on an obsolete old wagon like her, when steamers (with short date bills) were swinging in and out of dock. And the dockmaster—*whew!*—what a temper, what language—as the square rigger, with all her hamper and slow-working hand capstans, warped humbly through his water gates! “A useless old timer—only fit for the wreckers’ yard and the junk heap, with her damned old sticks and strings and rags—a waster, that’s what she is, a waster of time and good money—an out of date old barge, undermanned, unseaworthy!”

Unseaworthy? Over by the old East Quay lies the *Presto* of Brevig, just in from the sea, with the salt of a hard weather passage lying white on her deckload. She has stood to over seventy years of trading on the North Sea—than which there is no rougher weather test—and still she makes her voyage. Maybe it is true that the years have set her old deck seams agape here and there, or wrinkled her timber butts, but the stout windmill pump on her aft-deck can yet

cope with the water she makes and keep her dry enough for timber-droghing. So the gallant old craft fights her battles: pitting, by cunning seamanship, one element against the other—trimming the planes of an age-old appliance and enlisting the wind to drive the water out of her and keep her staunch and afloat! How the clank-clank of the rods and brake may be likened to her heart beats! But—seventy years! Where are the steamers of her time (or were steamers more than thought of?) when she, then the *John and Jane* of Sunderland port, set out on her early voyages on the same waters that even yet she plies her trade on? Unseaworthy, indeed!

SALMO TRUTTA

The Sea Trout: A Study in Natural History, by Henry Lamond, Secretary of the Loch Lomond Angling Improvement Association. (London: Sherratt and Hughes, 21s. net.)

THIS valuable monograph opens up a wide field for ichthyological discussion regarding a fish about whose life history even accepted authorities differ, and while very modestly advancing his own theories, the author freely gives those of our most advanced modern scientists who have by observation and careful study sought to throw light upon the evolution of the sea trout.

For instance, Mr. C. Tate Regan, Assistant in the Zoological Department of the British Museum, holds that there are no structural differences between sea trout and trout, and that all British trout were evolved from sea trout which, about the end of the glacial epoch, entered our rivers to spawn from the prehistoric Atlantic. The author thinks that the proposition may be as fairly stated that the migratory sea trout is a trout as that the common trout is a non-migratory sea trout, and he quotes Sir Herbert Maxwell and the late Mr. Hamish Stewart, who support his own view in claiming a freshwater origin for sea trout. It is agreed that the migratory habit may be developed in certain trout, and not in others, in which regard Mr. Calderwood, in his book, “The Life of the Salmon,” tells us that “Brown Trout taken from Dorsetshire to New Zealand quickly acquired the migratory habit, and became large silvery fish inhabiting the sea for the most part, and ascending the rivers to spawn.” Controversy centres about the anadromous fish commonly known as the “bull trout,” whose habitat is mainly confined to the north-east coast. Mr. Boulenger does not admit this fish even to the rank of variety; similarly Dr. Day; but not Mr. Calderwood. The author does not differentiate the bull trout from ordinary sea trout in spite of its pronounced convexity of the caudal fin but advances the theory that it may be a distinct species of fish approximating to *Salmo Salar* in rapid growth. But with regard to the query, “What is a Sea Trout?” learned opinions quoted are so diverse that as Mr. Lamond justly observes, “Conclusive evidence of distinction must be sought along other lines. Both legal and



C. E. Wanless.

DRYING SAILS.

Timber ships in harbour.

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ichthyological arguments are widely discussed, and every available theory is fully ventilated, but, on the whole, the origin of the sea trout remains purely speculative, and is still a matter for closer and more advanced study. His concluding remarks sum up the thesis which his practical study of his subject leads him to arrive at. As a last word he offers the suggestion for classification of the salmonidæ as follows: For the genus *Salmo* the three species of (1) *Salmo Salar* with its sole representative the salmon, (2) *Salmo Trutta* with as its sole representative the bull trout, and (3) *Salmo Fario* with as its representatives trout both migratory and non-migratory. The work is copiously illustrated with excellently coloured plates, photographic reproductions and diagrams, the differentiating scale readings of various salmonidæ being admirably depicted in the last. That Mr. Lamond has contributed a most interesting and valuable addition to scientific sporting literature will be accepted by all theorists on the identity and history of the sea trout, and not the least attractive part of it lies in his advancing his own opinions with marked consideration for those of other experts.

SAMUEL PEPYS AS A MAN OF SCIENCE

BY THE MASTER OF CHRIST'S.

IN 1681 Samuel Pepys was elected President of the Royal Society and held that office for two years. The position is the highest that is open to British men of science, and it is natural to enquire what scientific qualifications Pepys possessed which justified his seat in the Presidential Chair.

Little is known about his early years—we do not even definitely know where he was born—but during his ninth or tenth year Pepys was at school in Huntingdon; this we learn from a chance reference to an old schoolfellow at the beginning of the Diary. Later he entered St. Paul's School, London, to which foundation he was always closely attached. In 1650 he was elected a sizar at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and three months later won the same position at Magdalene, and came into residence at the last named College in October, 1653; later he held one or two scholarships.

Probably his education, about which we know singularly little, was that of the "grand-old-fortifying-curriculum-of-classics," and the selection of the books in his library shows him to have been, if not profoundly learned, at least "mediocriter doctus." On June 26th, 1662, he received the Cambridge M.A. degree *in absentia*, he being "apud mare adeo occupatissimus"; nine days later, he being then in his thirtieth year, he made his first attempt to learn the multiplication table, his teacher being Mr. Cooper, mate of the *Royal Charles*,

of whom I intend to learn mathematics, and I do begin with him to-day, he being a very able man; and no great matter, I suppose will content him. After an hour's being with him at arithmetic (my first attempt being to learn the multiplication table), then we parted till to-morrow.

Later, apparently to distract Mrs. Pepys' thoughts from Mr. Pembleton, the dancing-master, of whom Pepys was furiously jealous, he taught his wife mathematics. "She is come to do addition, subtraction and multiplication very well." "I purpose not to trouble her yet with division, but to begin with the globes to her now." Pepys took the keenest pleasure in giving his wife these lessons, as indeed he did in everything, but it has always seemed to me a lasting loss that Mrs. Pepys' views on elementary mathematics are not recorded.

Less than three years after tackling the multiplication table, on February 15th, 1665, Pepys was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society and signed the book:

But it is a most acceptable thing to hear their discourse, and see the experiments, which were this day on fire, and on how it goes out in a place where the air is not free, and sooner out where the air is exhausted, which they showed by an engine on purpose.

A little later, on March 1st:

I did pay my admission money 40s., to the society. Here was very fine discourses and experiments, but I do lack philosophy enough to understand them, and so cannot remember them.

In reading the immortal Diary one is struck by the fact that only very rarely are either plants or animals mentioned. As a botanist I think Pepys might have said what the late Master of Trinity did say of himself: "My ignorance of Botany is co-extensive with the wisdom of Solomon. It extends from the cedars of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth upon the wall." As a zoologist he can have been but little better:

May 23rd, 1661. At table I had very good discourse with Mr. Ashmole, wherein he did assure me that frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed.

John Ray, who was at this date about his prime, has shown that nothing of the sort happens. The fact that great

and manifest numbers of many kinds of animals appear after showers is due to "the grateful coolness and moisture of these showers," which tempt them out of their hiding places and set them on their travels:

December 11th, 1663. Swallows are often brought up in their nets out of the mud, from under the water, hanging together to some twig or other, dead in ropes; and brought to the fire will come to life.

This is another popular delusion and one referred to by Gilbert White. It probably arose from the fact that before the erection of telegraph posts, a favourite place for swallows to collect at before the autumn migration were osier beds.

Pepys frankly makes no claim to be anything of a chemist. He might have said, in the words of Sam Weller: "I'm not much in the chemical line myself."

July 5th, 1663. So home, Sir J. Minnes and I in his coach together, talking all the way of chemistry, wherein he do know something, at least, seems so to me, that cannot correct him.

But what did interest him and what he certainly knew something about was all sorts of new instruments which were in his day rapidly coming into existence, partly the result and yet partly the cause of that wonderful renaissance in science which was the chief glory of the Stewart period. Especially he kept his eyes open for anything that could help the Admiralty, whose most faithful servant he was:

March 14th, 1662. In the afternoon came the German, Dr. Kuffler, to discourse with us about his engine to blow up ships. We doubted not the matter of fact, it being tried in Cromwell's time, but the safety of carrying them in ships; but he do tell us, that when he comes to tell the King his secret, for none but the Kings, successively, and their heirs must know it, it will appear to be of no danger at all.

And, again:

April 2nd, 1668. Here to my great content did I try the use of the Otacousticon which was only a great glass bottle broke at the bottom, putting the neck to my ear, and there I did plainly hear the dancing of the oars of the boats in the Thames to Arundel gallery window, which without it, I could not in the least do, and may, I believe, be improved to a great height, which I am mighty glad of.

He notices that on a dark night the sea water seemed like fire upon every stroke of the oar, and records that this is said to be a sign of wind. He willingly—though in money matters a little near—purchased newly invented instruments. The "pictures in glass" in the following extract must have been magic-lantern slides:

August 19th, 1666. (Lord's Day). Comes by agreement Mr. Reeves bringing me a lantern, with pictures in glass, to make strange things appear upon the wall, very pretty. We did also at night see Jupiter and his girdle and satellites, very fine, with my twelve-foot glass, but could not Saturn, he being very dark. Spong and I had also several fine discourses upon the globes this afternoon, particularly why the fixed stars do not rise and set at the same hour all the year long, which he could not demonstrate, nor I neither.

On another occasion the same Mr. Reeve arrives

with a microscope and scotoscope. For the first I did give him £5 10s., a great price, but a most curious bauble it is, and he says, as good, nay the best he knows in England. The other he gives me, and is of value; and a curious curiosity it is to discover objects in a dark room with.

Pepys also took a deep interest in the physiological experiments which Sir George Ent and others were then carrying out. The transfusion of blood, respiration, the effects of the exhausted atmosphere of the air-pump on life, experiments with various poisons on animals, all commanded his vivid comment. Then, again, he showed the liveliest interest in mortuary subjects:

May 12th, 1668. And so parted, I having seen a mummy in a merchant's warehouse there, all the middle of the man or woman's body, black and hard. I never saw any before and, therefore, it pleased me much, though an ill sight; and he did give me a little bit, and a bone of an arm, I suppose; and so home.

And, again:

April 11th, 1662. Among other things, he and the Captains that were with us tell me that negroes drowned look white, and lose their blackness, which I never heard before.

He also tells us of one of a great family who was hanged with a silken halter of his own preparing "not for the honour only," but because it strangles more quickly.

Well, one might go on multiplying instances and increasing quotations, but the net result would still be the same. Pepys' intellectual outfit for the Presidency of the august Royal Society was but moderate. I think the words of a recent writer are true: he owed the post "not by any genius for science, or to any great invention or generalisation, but to his very exceptional powers as an organiser and as a man of business, to his integrity and to the abiding interest he ever showed in the cause of the advancement of knowledge."

LITTLE INLAND WATERS

LITTLE Inland Waters! On my ear the words fall
with a charm like that of the river

... at whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

It seemed to me an effect of old association, a fancy of the landward bred. Most people like wide views, and their talk is of prospects and landscapes. They will climb a mountain for the mere purpose of letting the eye wander over a wide expanse of country.

Russet lawns and fallows
gray,
Where the nibbling flocks
do stray,
Mountains on whose barren
breast
The labouring clouds do
not disperse,
Meadows trim with daisies
pied
Shallow brooks and rivers
wide.

It reminds me how difficult it was to climb a hill in youth's irresponsible days. The difficulty was not physical, but mental. Along the way which led up to it was a valley that closed in as you advanced till it was but a huge deep narrow cleft with steep hills on either side. Attention was arrested and feet delayed by a million living scenes that others, unseeing, hurried past. A brook came down the gully, forming and dissolving a panorama of its own. The pictures were but miniatures of great scenery, yet they were enough for a simple mind. At one reach the water became invisible as it lurked within a bed of rushes. Often silent, it now and then murmured over stones. On a summer evening the rushes were still and silent also, but a little wind could draw from them the softest, saddest little breath of song, or rather sigh. It became almost a wail when a January breeze troubled the witherings now shrunken and unable to conceal the dark water. When past the rushes the brooklet gave a little gurgle of joy as it spread over the golden gravel and joyfully reflected the sunlight. Further down, compressed into a narrow rocky channel, it gleamed like silver as it rushed to the small waterfall, over which it leaped with a splash and a yell, to lie in the basin below flat and still save for the patches of yellow foam that, as they skidded before the wind, testified to the pool's exciting movement. Trout with a motion like that of flies under a gasalier dashed about beneath the foam, and they were watched with equal greed by the kingfisher blue with a blueness neither of sky nor water, the solitary heron that stood like a meditating poet on one leg till a fish came within striking range of his spear, that is to say, his

beak, and lastly, there was the vivacious, restless water-ouzel, ever going to and fro bubbling over with energy and good humour. You could almost fancy that he could make the little fish laugh with the joy of living even as he was being gobbled up. These were all insignificant sights to the multitude, but lovely to a very simple mind that could take them in much more satisfactorily than it could take in a Miltonic landscape scene from a mountain top.



R. Belfield.

ON THE ARUN.

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It was reassuring to discover at the fine collection of outdoor photographs now on exhibition at the London Salon of Photography in Pall Mall that the photographer who rivals the best work of the landscape painter in his perception and rendering of natural beauty has not overlooked the little inland pool. Running water has always exercised a wizardry over the artist, but it has not been so easy to capture the more elusive charm of that which is stagnant. Ponds are usually dealt with as adjuncts to something admittedly picturesque. The mill pond is shown as a finish to the mill, the farm pond as part of the life of the steading, the gull pond for the sake of the gulls, and so on. But ponds are a disappearing quality. The great steam mill has superseded



C. Upton Cooke.

AT KEW.

Copyright.



J. Arthur Lomax.

SPRINGTIME.

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*C. T. Merfield.*

THE POOL.

Copyright.*John M. Whitehead*

AN OLD MILL.

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the water mill. Farmers now thresh their corn with the help of an engine, and have flung down the mill-dam and turned the pond into an arable field. Field ponds have been drained and fish ponds gone out of fashion. The dew pond is curious but ugly, left to the mercy of the animals that come to drink there. Marshes have been drained and set in order, and the meres have gone with them. On the reclaimed marsh the water is brought under discipline, forced with the aid of pumps to run as man wishes, confined within dykes. Yet, as an artist shows in one of our pictures, Nature does not despair, but takes that thing of straight lines and ugliness and by a profuse employment of wild flowers makes it re-embodiment some of the primitive beauty of marshland. Nevertheless, only from the names of places will future generations understand what a place this England of ours used to be for bogs and meres, pools and puddles, lakes and meres. These little inland waters have diminished, and are likely to go on diminishing in number. Signs are not lacking that after the war a hungry people, goaded on by the scarcity of food and the need in case of a new war of making every rod

of land yield its quota, will still further encourage the conversion of wet land into dry. A little compensation is provided by the building and construction of great reservoirs for the water supply of big towns. These have not attained the picturesqueness of ancient ponds, but those responsible for their appearance have developed a sincere wish to combine utility with taste.

Meantime there is cause for thankfulness that in the more secluded parts of the country enough little inland waters still remain to please the poet and artist. The rushes grow in tufts in their shallower portions and provide nesting places for the coot and the water-hen, whose sooty coloured chicks make little water runs through the greenery. Mallards come too, and the tiny dabchick is no infrequent visitor. Above them may be heard the mournful cry of the whaup and the wood-owl, so that the poet on his nocturnal ramble may know he is accompanied by the ancient authentic voices of the moorland. For the artist of camera or pencil it is good to remember that change is not destruction, and though the pictures shown by the kaleidoscope are new, they are not on that account to be derided. P.

IN THE GARDEN

THE CRETAN SPIKENARD.

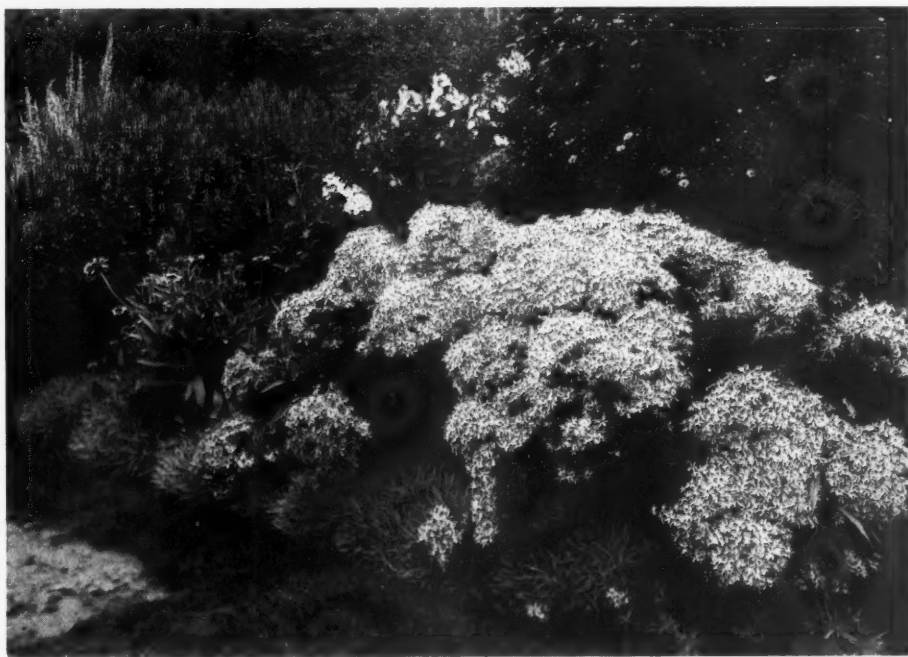
PROBABLY few, even of the gardening readers, will recognise the time-honoured herb under the above name, but it is none other than our old friend *Valeriana Phu*. It is an interesting plant easily cultivated in the open, and in some parts of the country—as an estray from gardens—it is known to grow wild. The writer of these notes came across it a few days ago in a convent garden, where it was known only as the Cretan Spikenard and cherished by the community for its antiquity and for its alleged healing virtues. It is interesting to note how many old herbs, the uses of which may have long been forgotten, still cling to their old haunts in secluded gardens. This plant had recently been applied to a person suffering with an ulcerated leg, and it had given great relief to the patient. It does not often happen in these days that garden plants are used to allay ailments, but, for all this, it would be interesting to hear what others know of its healing virtues. The name *Valeriana* alludes to powerful medicinal properties. It is a mediæval name said to be derived from *valere*, meaning to be healthy.

The Cretan Spikenard is a plant easily increased by division at the root, and I was given permission to take a piece away with me. On severing a portion of the root with a trowel, the air was pervaded with a peculiar but pleasant odour. The leaves when broken have a decidedly unpleasant smell, not unlike that associated with the stems and roots of the better known *V. officinalis*, the common Valerian, or All-heal, which has pink flowers. It should be explained that the Cretan Spikenard (*V. Phu*) has white flowers, usually in August, although it is still flowering. It grows to a height of about 2 ft. and has two sets of leaves, those on the root known as radical and others on the stem known as cauline leaves. The latter are deeply lobed, while some of the radical leaves are undivided and others lobed. A precious and fragrant ointment is made from the roots of the Cretan Spikenard. Not that this is the only plant used in the making of Spikenard, for there are many kinds of Spikenard ointment made from different Valerians and even plants of other genera.

Valerian Spikenard was known to the ancient Persians and Arabians, and the name of Nard is of Persian origin. The Persians, as overland carriers between India and Mesopotamia and other parts, are said to have communicated their name for it to the Hebrews, the Greeks and the Romans. Dioscorides mentions four kinds of Nard—the Celtic, the Mountain, the Syrian and the Indian. To these might be added the Ploughman's, Spanish and False Nard, but as *Valeriana dioscoridis*, which is the true *V. Phu* or Cretan Spikenard, is the most powerful and aromatic of the Valerians, it is safe to assume that it has played its part in the past, as in the present, in making highly esteemed perfumes in Eastern countries. Its Persian name is Bekh-i-sumbul, but it appears to have had many substitutes. It is now generally agreed that the Indian Spikenard is prepared from *Nardostachys jatamansi*, a plant closely allied to *Valeriana*, that may also be grown in the open here.

To this day the Cretan and Indian Spikenards are used for making hair washes and ointment, the popular opinion being that they promote growth and blackness of the hair. There is a golden-leaved variety of the Cretan Spikenard that is very effective, especially in the spring when the leaves are young. This, like the type plant, will grow freely in any soil, so long

as it gets a fair amount of moisture. The Cretan Spikenard should be grown by those who appreciate its past associations, apart from the modest display of flower and foliage that it makes.

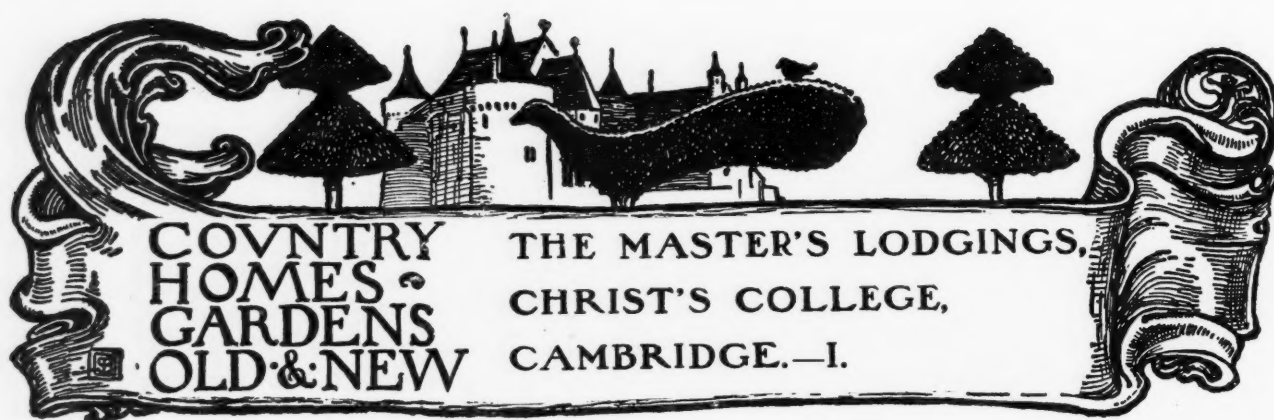


ASTER ACRIS IN A FLOWER BORDER.

MICHAELMAS DAISIES OR STARWORTS.

IN many gardens these hardy perennial flowers are now at their best. Of tall varieties there is no end. One of the best of them is Climax, a strong-growing variety

with large sky-blue flowers, and a few other choice varieties are Attraction, large pale blue; Perfection, with small white flowers; Feltham Blue; Grey Dawn; Cloudy Blue, a grand form with exquisite semi-double flowers; Moonlight, which received the following favourable report in the Wisley trials: "This is probably one of the most effective varieties yet raised." The flowers are ageratum blue in colour; Glory of Colwall, a fine companion to the well known Beauty of Colwall, having loose sprays of double pale lavender flowers; St. Egwin, a charming rose pink, and Sirius, a deeper shade of that colour. H. C.



LIKE many another College in Oxford and Cambridge, Christ's arose from a previous foundation. In the year 1442, in the twentieth year of Henry VI's reign,

William Bingham, Rector of St. John Zachary's in London, sensible of the great want of grammarians in England, founded a little hostel . . . to be governed by a proctor, and twenty-five scholars, all to be [not boys learning the rules, but] men studying the criticisms of grammar.

William Bingham, in fact, contemplated a post-graduate school,

but the year after, Bingham's small hostel was swallowed up in the King's foundation (not as Ahab's palace ate up Naboth's vineyard, but) by the full and free consent of the aforesaid Bingham, surrendering up to the King for the improving and perfecting thereof.

William Bingham's "little hostel" was situated where the western end of King's Chapel now stands, and the foundation was hardly completed before its site was required by the King for the building of King's College. A new site was therefore selected in what was then termed Preacher Street, opposite St. Andrew's Church, and acquired by the King, and to him Bingham transferred the honour of the founder. The site was outside the city walls, close to the Barnwell Gate, and it may be this is the reason why Christ's College has, like other colleges outside the city walls, ample grounds and sufficient area for expansion.

Henry VI had an intention to advance the scholars to the number of sixty; but this was never done, and, in fact, God's House seems never to have flourished. The King indeed accepted the title of founder while insisting that Bingham and his heirs should be named *fundatores alteri*, but, although he endowed it with numerous benefactions, God's House was always cramped by lack of means. The revenue was never received in full and, as the late Master in his "History of Christ's College" recalls, "the few documents concerning God's House which I have found in the Muniment Room give the impression of a very poverty-stricken foundation."

Nothing is known about the buildings on the new site; but apparently they included a chapel, for a bill still exists, dated March 29th, 1510, for setting the old glass in the new chapel of Christ's College. This is probably the oldest glass in any college in Cambridge.

The second foundation of the College is due to Lady Margaret, undoubtedly one of the most remarkable women that has ever lived. She came of a Royal race, descended from John of Gaunt, daughter of John, Duke of Somerset, and herself the mother of a line of kings. The late Master, Dr. Peile, used to take pleasure in telling us at Commemoration Feasts that she stood exactly half way in direct descent between William the Norman and Queen Victoria. As an heiress her hand was much sought after,





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE MASTER'S STUDY.

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and she was married at a very early age by her guardian, the Duke of Suffolk, to his own son, John de la Pole. But the Duke being attainted, this marriage was apparently regarded as a nullity, and the King shortly afterwards bestowed her hand on Edmund ap Tudor, whose mother, Catharine, was widow of Henry V. He had been created Earl of Richmond by Henry VI. Soon after the wedding the Countess of Richmond became a widow, and her only child, Henry VII, was born posthumously. Later she married Henry Stafford, younger son of the first Duke of Buckingham, about whom little is known. He appears to have died in 1482, or at any rate his will was proved in the spring of that year. After a short period Lady Margaret was married, for a fourth time, to Thomas, the second Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby.

Without any question, Lady Margaret was far in advance of her time. Fisher, her spiritual adviser and

number, viz., one Master, twelve Fellows, forty-seven Scholars, in all sixty." Still, the technical inscription of the body recognised Henry VI as the Founder. It is as follows:

The Master or Keeper, Fellows and Scholars of Christ's College in the University of Cambridge, by Henry VI, King of England, first began, and after his decease augmented, finished and established by Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby, Mother to Henry the Seventh.

Great and good were the lands which this lady in her last will bestowed on this College in several counties.

The site upon which Lady Margaret built her college coincides with the present first court, and had been all, or nearly all, the property of God's House. The court is, as J. W. Clark describes it, "an irregular trapezium placed in such a direction that the meridian line coincides very nearly with one of the diagonals." Geographically speaking, the "north" side is really north-west, and the east end of

the chapel points to the north-east; but for convenience of description we shall assume that the chapel really lies east and west. An innovation in college buildings, and a good one, was that two of the sides, the north and the east, project beyond the outside of the quadrangle, the chapel projects beyond the eastern side of the court eastwards, and the kitchens southwards beyond the southern side. By this arrangement the chapel and the lodge, the hall, the buttery and the kitchens occupied the eastern side facing the Great Gateway opening on to St. Andrew's Street. The other three sides of the court are given over to chambers. The Master's Lodge lies between the chapel and the hall, and it is with this lodge that the present article mainly deals.

The King's licence for the refoundation of "God's House," or Christ's College, is dated May 1st, 1505, and the papal bull, now in the Public Record Office, confirming the foundation, given by Julius II, the Della Rovere Pope, is dated February 25th, 1509. It appears that the building was begun without loss of time, and the visit of Henry VII to Cambridge the same year is believed to have been due to a desire to grace with his presence his mother's foundation, now newly laid.

The College, as Lady Margaret knew it, consisted of the first court only, but even then, as Dr. Peile recalls, it was undoubtedly the largest college existing at that time. It is difficult for us to realise a Cambridge in which Trinity College, King's College and St. John's College were yet

wanting. King's consisted then of the old court and the partially built chapel; St. John's was still an ancient hospital, and Trinity an unconsolidated collection of small hostels.

Lady Margaret's new foundation was built of clunch, a very hard form of chalk, interspersed with red brick. Walls of these building materials can still be seen on the northern and southern outer sides of the First Court. But clunch, although fairly durable, soon becomes untidy, and it was found necessary first to whiten and then to replace with ashlar the interior of the court. The east side of the first court, then the only court existing, was divided equally between the hall and lodge, and in Lady Margaret's time, it would seem that the latter had no out-buildings. The Lodge is



Copyright.

THE HALL BAY WINDOW AND DAIS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

constant friend, describes her as one "of singular wisdom far passing the common rate of women." "She was good in remembrance and of holding memory; a ready wit she had also to hold all things, albeit they were right dark. Right studious she was in books, which she had in great number both in English and in French." "She was bounteous and liberal to every person of her knowledge and acquaintance. Avarice and covetice she most hated, and sorrowed it full much in all persons, but specially in any that belonged to her." Such was the second founder of Christ's College, for "Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby [accounting herself as of the Lancastrian line heir to all King Henry's godly intentions] altered the name from God's House to Christ's College, and made up the



THE COLLEGE HALL, SOUTH END, SHOWING THE MINSTRELS' GALLERY ABOVE THE "SCREENS."



LADY MARGARET'S ORATORY WITH WINDOW OPENING INTO CHAPEL.



Copyright. CORNER OF MASTER'S STUDY AND ORIGINAL STONE STAIR. "C.L."

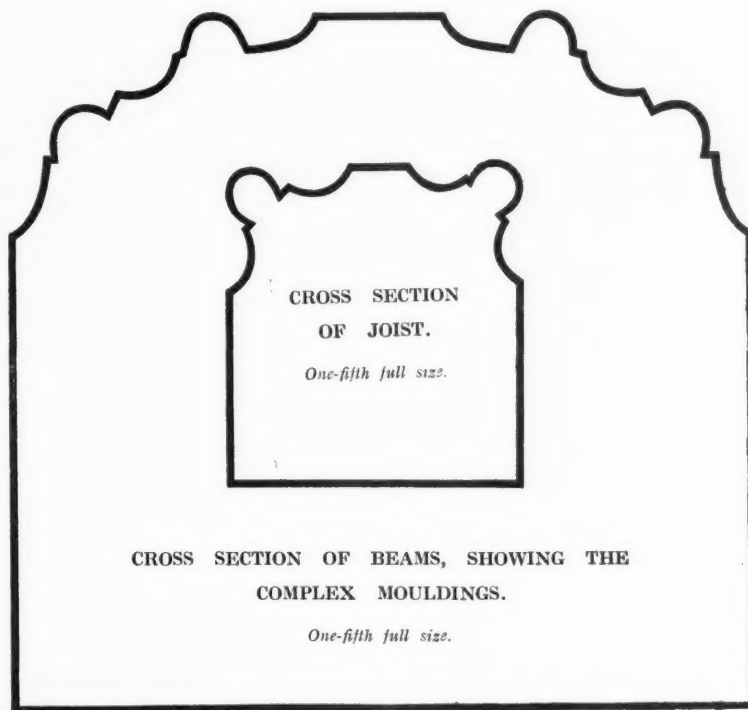
believed to be the only one built by Royalty for Royalty, for Lady Margaret reserved for her own use the first floor rooms; but in her absence from Cambridge, Bishop Fisher, her confessor, was allowed to occupy them. The Master had to content himself with the rooms on the ground floor.

Although in the course of four centuries there have been certain rearrangements of the interior of the Lodge, its main features seem to have been more or less maintained. On the ground floor next to the college hall there was a large room which was till lately the dining-room. Until 1911 this room was separated from the northern wall of the college hall by a passage which led, on the eastern side, to the original spiral stone staircase leading to the first and second floors. This passage has now been thrown into the room and the whole is used as the present Master's study. The central space on the ground floor, comprising three small halls and the late Master's study, has now been rearranged as an entrance hall, with the front door in the centre, and as a dining-room. Beyond this, and between it and the chapel, was a third chamber, which is now taken up by a comparatively modern staircase and a lobby leading to the servants' quarters. The last named were entirely rebuilt in 1911.

The south-west corner of the present Master's study has a door concealed in panelling which leads under a Tudor arch on to the dais of the hall, now one of the most beautiful in Cambridge. In the old days the hall had good oak panelling of the so-called linen-fold pattern and a very high roof. Unfortunately, in 1723 money was given to "beautify" it, and this was done by placing deal wainscoting over the oak panelling, by destroying the old fireplace, and by hiding the pointed roof with a cylindrical plaster ceiling. A hundred and twenty-two years later the hall was found to be in such a condition that rebuilding was decided upon, and this was done under the superintendence of Mr. George Gilbert Scott. The old roof was opened up, a second oriel window was built on the eastern side and a gallery was reconstructed over the "screens." In 1882 an exceedingly beautiful window, containing portraits of the founders and the benefactors and worthies of the College, was placed in the western oriel; they range from Henry VI to Charles Darwin, and include, among others, John Fisher, Lady Margaret and Edward VI, Sir John Finch and Sir Thomas Baynes; Leyland, the King's antiquary; Sir Walter Mildmay, chancellor of Queen Elizabeth; Francis Quarles, John Milton, John Cleveland, Ralph Cudworth and

William Paley. A few years ago the walls of the hall were re-decorated by the late Mr. Bodley, R.A., who was also responsible for the reconstruction and decoration of the College library and chapel.

The rooms on the first floor of the lodge seem to have been originally three, though they have now been divided up into five. The room over the dining-room and hall is the present drawing-room; between that and the hall there is a spacious bedroom, with dressing-room and bathroom annexed, and from this dressing-room two little windows—one of them in a powder closet—look into the hall, so that the Foundress or the Master could control the scholars at dinner. On the northern side of the first floor was an oratory panelled with oak, with a beautiful oaken ceiling, and here we find a feature unique in Cambridge, and occurring, I believe, at Oxford also only once—a window, or hagioscope, looking into the chapel. This room seems to have been Lady Margaret's oratory, and the window recalls the Royal pew at the north-eastern corner of St. George's Chapel at Windsor or in the Royal Chapel in the Escorial. To the west of the oratory was a small chamber, probably Lady Margaret's sleeping room; the space it occupied is now taken up by a staircase, which is comparatively modern.



At the time of Dr. Peile's election to the Mastership in 1887 some restorations to the drawing-room disclosed the existence behind an iron grate of a magnificently carved clunch fireplace, ornamented with a series of badges, which are set forth below.

They were originally sixteen in number, without counting the foliage in the angles; but, when the fireplace was opened out, it was found that the two lowest on the left hand, as the spectator faces the fireplace, had been wholly destroyed. The remaining fourteen, counting from left to right, are as follows:

1. A full-blown rose, with two rows of five petals.
2. A fleur-de-lys, surrounded by daisies, some full-blown, some in bud.
3. The letters H. R. knotted together by a piece of cord.
4. Three feathers, one drooping sinister, two drooping dexter, set in an escroll, bearing the words *Dieu et*.
5. A portcullis.
6. A full-blown rose, as in 1.
7. The letters H. R., as in 3.
8. A portcullis.
9. A fleur-de-lys, set on a background of foliage.
10. An arched crown, surmounted by a cross, and backed by foliage.
11. A group of daisies and leaves, growing out of what appears to be intended to represent a flowerpot.
12. A full-blown rose, as in 1 and 6.
13. Three feathers, as in 4. The scroll bears the words *Dieu et mo.*





TUDOR TRAVELLING TRUNK COVERED WITH LEATHER.

14. A basket, or flowerpot, out of which daisies are growing.
J. W. Clark, Cambridge Antiquarian Society, Communications, 1888.
Vol. VI, p. 373.

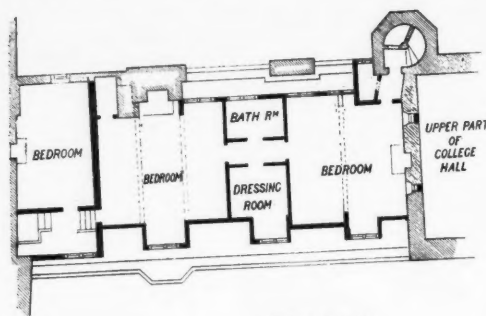
When the present Master was elected the Lodge needed much restoration, and it became necessary to take down every partition and floor and rebuild the entire interior. Only the greater beams were left, and these had, in many cases, to be restored. The result was that for some months one could stand on the earth on the ground floor and look through a maze of beams to the ridge pole of the roof, the whole resembling a gigantic cat's cradle in a mammoth cigar box. The beams had to be "jacked up" and fastened to steel girders running from wall to wall, but even now they sag a little. The wonder really was that the floors were ever held up at all, for the more they sagged the more the eighteenth and nineteenth century Masters seem to have hacked them flat with an adze, and in many cases the new restoration of the old mouldings extended over nine-tenths of the length of the beam. Between the beams, and running from north to south, is a series of beautifully moulded joists, with a little leaf carved at each of their four lower angles. These have been treated in a similarly iconoclastic way, except those in the above-mentioned passage leading to the spiral staircase; consequently it became necessary to replace 147 of these joists in the present study alone. The joists were covered in by a plastered ceiling. When the plaster was removed curious discoveries were made; to these I will return later.

Undoubtedly the upper floor was the more magnificent, for when we came to remove the iron fireplace in the sleeping chamber between the drawing-room and the College hall an even more splendid fireplace, 7ft. 7in. wide, was discovered behind it. This has been carefully removed, and set up in the present study on the ground floor. It was decorated with the same badges as the one in the drawing-room, with the addition of

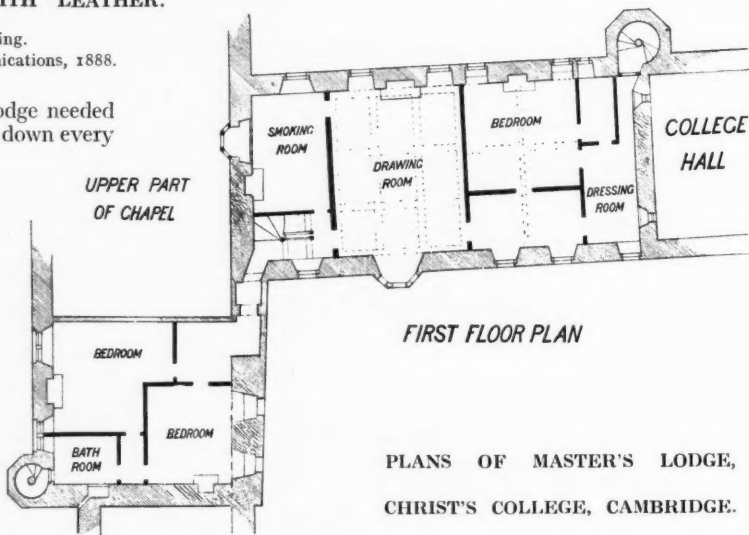
the Insignia of the Garter, most minutely carved in clunch.

The ceilings of the first floor are either panelled in oak or the space between the beams divided up into squares or lozenges by small oak mouldings. These had all to be taken down, but were carefully numbered and replaced, and in the drawing-room the space between them has been decorated with gilded and coloured plaster designs connected with Lady Margaret and her son. The oak ceiling of the oratory, or prayer room, had been covered with a yellow paint. This paint was removed; but that on the walls, which represented panels, each with a star in its centre, and which gave to the room its old name of the "Star Chamber," has been preserved.

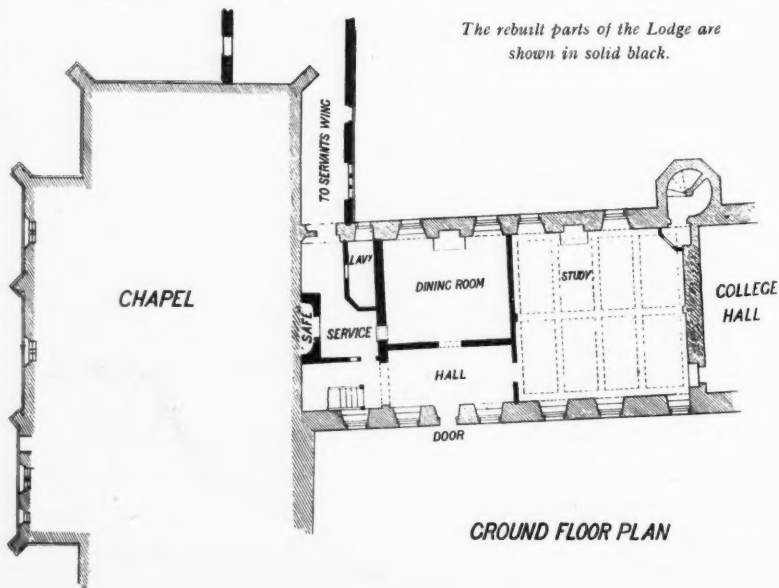
An outlying portion of the Lodge, probably dating long after the foundation of the College, consists now of two bedrooms and a bathroom over the ante-chapel. The space they occupied, it is thought, was at one time a private oratory for the Master, though how he got into it does not seem to be very clear. Still, there were traces of windows looking into the west end of the chapel, and there is a certain amount of



ATTIC PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

PLANS OF MASTER'S LODGE,
CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

GROUND FLOOR PLAN



ARMS OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, WITH YALE SUPPORTERS ON GATEWAY.

traditional evidence that it was used as a prayer-room. In Covell's time (1688) this chamber was approached by an overhanging gallery which ran from a window in Lady Margaret's small bedchamber to a window over the ante-chapel, both of them at that time probably doors. More recently this was removed, and by cutting a narrow passage through the thickness of the walls communication was established to the chambers above the ante-chapel. The walls in this case were some 5ft. thick. From the north-west corner of these bedrooms a small spiral stone staircase leads down into the chapel.

The second, or topmost, floor, under the roof, which is supported by moulded beams, was at one time apparently open from end to end, forming a kind of gallery. It is now divided into bedrooms, bathrooms, etc. Beyond its length and over the Foundress's oratory is a small bedroom decorated in the Jacobean style. From this a modern staircase leads to the first floor. A. E. SHIPLEY.

WHITE BLACKBIRDS

THAT certain birds and mammals should turn white in winter is a fact that has given rise to many speculations. For the school of thinkers whose *métier* it is to find an intelligent plan in all Nature's movements this annual change is seized upon as an example of design that cannot be gainsaid. It is pointed out that creatures—the Arctic fox and snowy owl, for instance—which exist in areas permanently covered with snow, wear a white garb all the year round, and are thus rendered inconspicuous in a land where cover is marked by its absence. In more temperate latitudes, where the surface of the earth is variegated by the changing hues of spring and summer, and where, for the winter months only the whiteness prevails, a beautiful provision of Nature comes into effect. Here, creatures are provided with a summer garb suited to their environment, and it is only when the snow time comes along that they adopt a dress that gives them the security they need.

Many discussions have arisen as to how this wonderful seasonal change, so useful to the creatures involved, is actually brought about. It is now known that the whiteness of hair or feathers is due negatively to the absence of the usual pigment, and positively to the presence of minute gas bubbles in the cells. Just as the sea owes the whiteness of its foam to bubbles of air held captive for a moment in the dashing water, so white hair becomes so by reason of the presence of these more permanent gas bubbles. It is known that in human beings a sudden shock may effect the change, and it may fairly be surmised that the

more gradual shock of increasing cold may provide the stimulus that more slowly alters the colour in the hair of the stoat and of the feathers of the ptarmigan.

The belief that cold is the stimulus that induces the blanching is supported by the famous experiment made by Sir John Ross and quoted by Professor Thomson in his "Biology of the Seasons." A Hudson's Bay lemming was kept in the cabin of the ship through the winter and did not change colour. But on February 1st it was exposed on deck and it had several white patches next day. It turned white in a week and died a few days afterwards. Here, as Mr. F. E. Beddard has pointed out in his "Animal Coloration," "the cold was administered in a sudden dose, and may have produced an effect analogous to a nervous shock."

The experiment also brings into view a further interesting question. It has been argued by MacGillivray and others that feathers and hairs do not turn white, but that new hairs or feathers are grown which are white by reason of the absence of the colouring pigment. MacGillivray supported this claim by the production of a specimen of a stoat caught in December, which showed a mixture of white and brownish-red hairs. "The hairs of the latter colour," he wrote, "were not in the least degree faded and those of the former were much shorter, and evidently just shooting. Later, however, from further investigation, MacGillivray himself concluded that "sometimes the brown hairs themselves, on the application of intense cold, become whitened," and Sir John Ross's experiment with the lemming certainly bears out this conclusion. In recent observations, too, on the changes in the plumage of birds, it has been shown that not only are new feathers grown of a different colour from those that preceded them, but that, on occasion, the old feathers may actually change their hue, in accordance with alterations in temperature or of environment, and indeed—in the case of black bullfinches—by the adoption of a new kind of food.

But hitherto we have dealt with what may be described as the more orderly processes of Nature, and in these, there certainly appears to be a beneficent intention to provide a change which shall be of advantage to the creature itself. But when we come to abnormal happenings the difficulty of providing Nature with an intelligible and benevolent reason for her action becomes at once apparent. Recently a pure white rook was shot on the Brompton Hall Estate, Yorkshire, and we are told that others in similar garb had been seen in the neighbourhood. Now, here, and in the case of white and mottled blackbirds that are from time to time reported, we can see no reason for the abrupt departure from type. In these instances the change is distinctly harmful to the individual. The principle of protective coloration fails and we can only conclude that Nature in sportive mood has seen fit to introduce a little variety into her every day colour scheme without much consideration for the well-being of the subject of her experiment. H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS TIMBER CAMP

[We publish below the first of two articles on timber felling by schoolboys. It is written by R. D. Gilpin-Brown and F. S. Ingrams of Shrewsbury and Lawrence N. Jackson of St. Paul's; and illustrated by H. P. Foulsham of the latter school.—Ed.]



SHREWSBURY'S PRIDE.

Height 92ft., diameter 4ft., circumference 11ft.

TOWARDS the end of the midsummer term an appeal was made by the Home-grown Timber Committee to some of the leading Public Schools for volunteers to forego a month of their holiday for the purpose of cutting timber to provide our mines with some of the much-needed pit props, which formerly were procured entirely from the Colonies and foreign countries.

Some thirty sturdy Salopians, accompanied by sixty-eight no less stalwart Paulines, found their way in the second week of August to a camp in a remote part of densely-wooded Welsh hills some fifteen miles from Aberystwyth. Here for seven hours a day they were engaged in

felling oak trees of an average height of 35ft. interspersed with an occasional conifer, and it was soon discovered that

English oak is quite as hard to-day as it ever has been. Starting work at nine o'clock and finishing at 5.30, with an interval of an hour and a half for lunch in the middle of the day, they usually succeeded in felling, trimming and cleaning 250 trees per day. By the end of the month some 4,000 trees were brought down and rendered fit to be sawn into lengths and removed to the neighbouring mines. That these trees vary considerably in size and species will be seen from the accompanying photographs; in fact, one occasionally came up against a tree as here



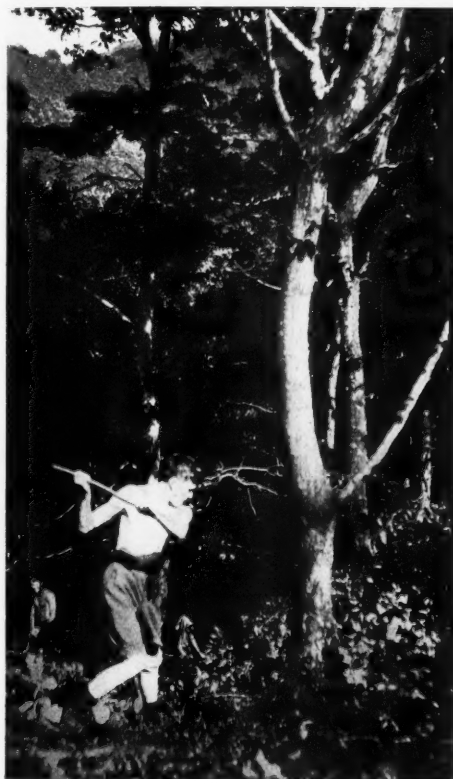
BEFORE—AND AFTER.

illustrated. The toothpick in question was a pine 92ft. in height and 11ft. in circumference. Trees must be made to fall up-hill if necessary by means of a rope and hard pulling, and the affixing of the former proves sometimes by no means an easy task. A fall-cut is first axed on the up-hill side and the remainder is sawn through from the other side. Once the tree is down,



NO. 10 SQUAD (ST. PAUL'S) AT WORK.

workers, there were other difficulties encountered. The wood in question was situated on a very steep slope, and the difficulty experienced in reaching such a deserted spot caused a considerable delay in the arrival of the tools. No professionals were employed, with the exception of a local woodman to sharpen saws and axes, an undertaking for which a skilled hand



A GOOD SWINGING STROKE.

all the branches must be hewn off flush with the trunk and any lengths of the required dimensions are laid aside, while the useless wood is stacked in heaps at a convenient distance.

The work, of course, was, in this case, considerably influenced by climatic conditions; these, unfortunately, proved particularly inclement, and the local adage that, once started, the rain continues unceasingly for three weeks, proved to be not far wrong. On several occasions many of these youthful lumbermen might have been seen cheerfully at work attired somewhat sparsely in bathing costumes amid relentless downpours. For felling trees, 5lb. axes were used, and for trimming, smaller hatchets.

No doubt the figures mentioned before seem to the experienced eye absurdly small, but, besides the weather and the inexperience of the



GOING !



THE STREAM AND THE SHOWER.

was obviously necessary. Fortunately, accidents were few and far between, and the local doctor and the hospital tent were in small demand.

The two schools were divided into seventeen squads, each consisting of six men. Each squad had its allotted strip of woodland on which to work; three men were usually employed simultaneously on one tree—two to use the saw and the third to use the axe on the other side. The ardent woodcutters, however, proved the unwilling enemies of the wild life of the woods. Such minor tragedies as the felling of trees containing woodpigeons' nests were of frequent occurrence, but perhaps the crowning tragedy to be recorded was that of the five squirrels.

It was an Austrian pine that had harboured for some years successive generations of the brown squirrel, which

is now so rapidly diminishing in numbers. When this tree, in its turn, had to bow before the unsparing hand of the axemen, a daring climber succeeded in rescuing the five frail occupants of the nest. Their new found existence, however, was short lived, as each succumbed to the pangs of dyspepsia, induced by a condensed milk diet.

On Saturday the workers "downed tools" at 12.30 p.m. and sallied forth to explore the surrounding country. The Devil's Bridge, situated within comfortable walking distance, proved a popular resort, and this, together with the local hotel (to say nothing of its piano), went far to provide hospitality and entertainment, thus tempering the monotony of four weeks which might easily have been less enjoyably and profitably spent.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

MR. CLODD has written an interesting and amusing book in his *Memories* (Chapman and Hall). Life, which at a first glance looks but a confused maze through which bewildered travellers make a hesitating and doubtful journey from the darkness from which they emerge to the first edge to the blank into which they pass at other, yields a clearer order to close inspection. In any true autobiography the author touches the signposts on his particular track. That of Mr. Clodd has been a byway. Not on the mainroad along which the sovereigns of thought and action advance with their train, not as a master in art, literature, or science, does he figure. His life interest centres round the rebellion against conventional religion of which Darwin was a most reluctant leader and Huxley a very ardent one, in the sixties of last century. Hence the atmosphere of the book is that of a rationalist coterie. The volume is made up of a fragment of autobiography and a number of impressionist and anecdotic sketches, which also are essentially autobiographic in character.

Margate was his birthplace, but the family of Clodd to which he belongs can be traced in Suffolk back to 1327, when "Johanne Clod of the Villata of Otteyleye" is entered in the "Subsidy Returns of the County of Suffolk" as having paid "XII pence." Mr. Clodd is obviously pleased to record this fact, but being an evolutionist he dutifully follows the example of Huxley, who, having devoted his life to studying the genealogy of man, was not interested in the pedigrees of men. He was brought up at Aldeburgh, not then a fashionable watering-place and golf centre, but still the fishing and smuggling port of Crabbe's "Borough." Then the old narrow, limited ways of that generation prevailed. A born lover of books, his choice was confined to those found in the smaller houses of the England of that day. Bunyan was the best where Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest" and Harvey's "Meditation among the Tombs" were classics. Sunday was kept as strictly as in Scotland—chapel going morning and evening, Sunday School in the afternoon, hymns *ad lib.* and "the fear of the Lord" dinned into his ears, nothing taught that vivified the imagination and gave him a real belief. His parents destined him for a Baptist minister, but he escaped to London and clerkdom, which ended in his obtaining after many years the secretaryship of the London Joint Stock Bank—a position he held till his retirement last year. Born in 1840, we figure him as an ardent, intelligent youth in 1859, when Darwin published his "Origin of Species," and as a young man highly interested in the controversies that followed: the famous duel between Bishop Wilberforce and Huxley at the British Association meeting in 1860 over the fundamental relationship of man to the great apes; the publication of "Essays and Reviews" and, in 1865, of "Ecce Homo"; Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature" and Tyler's "Primitive Christianity" were other books that impressed Clodd's young mind. These were only a few of the influences whose effect was seen in "The Childhood of the World"—the book which at one bound set him in a high place among authors. Such is the fragment of autobiography which serves as key to the impressions that follow. The best of these is the Meredith. It would have been better if Mr. Clodd had eliminated the biographical details; the conversation he retails is delightful.

Meredith was an unsparing critic of his contemporaries. Of Alfred Austin he said:

"He ought to be locked up and his pen impounded. He mistakes rant for inspiration. He is a mixture of Dr. Watts and Wordsworth, with rather more of the former." Then, parodying him, Meredith added, "This is the sort of thing you get from Alfred the Little, as he called Alfred Austin:

"Three cheers for lusty winter
That blows the hunter's horn,
And makes the branches splinter,
And threshes out the corn."

Of R. L. S.:

"I don't think that Stevenson's fiction has any chance of life. *Weir of Hermiston* was the likeliest, but 'tis a fragment. Neither are his essays likely to have permanence: they are good, but competition is destructive and only the rarest will survive."

And here is a passage in which he deals with some of the best known among the moderns always with shrewdness and a sort of high-spirited common-sense:

"I don't agree with Matthew Arnold that Shelley's prose will outlive his poetry. Peacock was never enthusiastic about him; he said to me, 'Shelley has neither head nor tail.' Arnold is a poor judge; a dandy Isaiah, a poet frigid and without passion, whose verse, written in a surplice, is for freshmen and for gentle maidens who will be wooed to the arms of these future rectors. Keats is a greater poet than Shelley: in this Peacock agreed. Byron has humour in his satires, the roguish element in these is unsurpassed, but his high flights are theatrical; he was a sham sentimentalist. Favourites with me are the whole of Keats and the earlier verse of Tennyson. In the *Lotus Eaters* and *Ænone* (which I could get neither Peacock nor Jefferson Hogg to enjoy) there are lines perfect in sensuous richness and imagery. *The Idylls*, perhaps I should except the *Morte d'Arthur*, will not add to his fame; they are a part of the 'poetical baggage' of which every writer of a large body of verse must be unloaded." I reminded him that Edward Fitzgerald had said the same thing. "Yes, Fitz is good Suffolk soil, the most pleasing of fogies. His literary taste in the classics is quite sound, and infantile out of them. Tennyson's rich diction and marvellous singing power cannot be overrated, but the thought is thin; there is no suggestiveness which transcends the expression; nothing is left to the imagination."

Of Thackeray and Dickens he said to George Gissing:

"You may have histories, but you cannot have novels on periods so long ago. A novel can only reflect successfully the moods of men and women around us, and, after all, in depicting the present we are dealing with the past, because the one is enfolded in the other. I cannot stomach the modern historical novel any more than I can novels which are three-fourths dialect. Thackeray's note was too monotonous; the *Great Hogarty Diamond*, next to *Vanity Fair*, is most likely to live; it is full of excellent fooling. I met him and Dickens only a very few times. Not much of Dickens will live, because it has so little correspondence to life. He was the incarnation of cockneydom, a caricaturist who aped the moralist; he should have kept to short stories. If his novels are read at all in the future, people will wonder what we saw in them, save some possible element of fun meaningless to them. The world will never let Mr. Pickwick, who to me is full of the lumber of imbecility, share honours with Don Quixote."

Mr. Clodd's other impressionistic studies are good, but they leave a taste of treacle behind them. In the Herbert Spencer there is an entertaining passage telling how, after a sally of wit by Mr. Clodd, Spencer turned on the ear-stopper—"in the middle of the meal, Spencer, with fixed glance at me, pressed the spring which closed the hole of each ear." But this book will not make the reader long for an ear-stopper!

The West Wind, by Katharine Tynan. (Constable, 6s.)

SO much has been said against the novel with a purpose that we should have been grateful to Mrs. Tynan—to whom we have owed much in the past—if her new book had provided us with the wherewithal to discount some of it. The purpose of *The West Wind* is to uphold the views of the

Roman Church with regard to divorce and the re-marriage of divorced persons, but its effect is more irritating than convincing. Peggy Charteris is charming, her reason for divorcing her first husband is creditable, her second marriage probable enough, though the circumstances which lead to it are somewhat hackneyed; but from that point the story goes all to pieces. The man whom she marries to ensure a luxurious home for her delicate mother becomes unbelievably common and disagreeable, so very quickly ceases to respond to the charm which is supposed to be gaining Peggy innumerable friends in the highest circles, and their children are three of the unluckiest youngsters of whom it has ever been our lot to read. It is not merely that these little chameleons, described as "each bearing a strong resemblance to Mr. Barber," in the course of thirty pages become "not in the least like their papa." The eldest, aged eight, is able to eye his beautiful and tender mother satirically; the second, to ignore her appearance in the nursery; the third, on becoming aware of her presence, to "howl and kick," clinging frantically to someone else. It is true that children have been known to prefer a nurse to a mother, but, considering the start which Nature gives them, that fact can generally be laid at the mother's door. No suggestion that Peggy neglected her children is made; in fact, we are left to attribute their nastiness entirely to heredity upon the father's side. In real life such children—thank Heaven!—never existed, but they are eminently convenient for the purposes of Mrs. Tynan's tale. When Peggy, convinced that her second marriage is none, decides to leave their father's house, it is with so little regret—no one, had they existed, could possibly have been anything but glad to see the last of such children—that it has quite the effect of a happy ending. If Mrs. Tynan had made Peggy's circumstances more probable, our sympathies might have been more ready; as it is, her religious convictions fit in far too well with her desires, and her future savours of a last state which will prove worse than her first.

Bindweed, by Gabrielle Vallings. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

THE publishers are good enough to tell us in a somewhat genealogical advertisement that *Bindweed* is a first novel and its author a great-niece of Charles Kingsley and cousin of Lucas Malet. The book itself gives us the impression that its writer is young, with an ardent optimistic youth ready to grapple with the most delicate and involved problems and settle them all in ten short and slightly precious paragraphs. Her concern, as has been that of so many writers in recent years, is the adjustment of that apparent incompatibility between the two halves of human nature of which Browning declared "Nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!" She faces the problem on the whole boldly and sanely, though the apparent assumption that all who marry are lovers with the higher nature as well as with the lower weakens her conclusions and, as seems inevitable in novels which set out, with whatever good intentions, to solve problems of this sort, so much stress is laid in the process upon matters sensual that the effect of the book upon the reading public will probably be less uplifting even with the aid of some conventional religion and art worship than its author intends. Gaston Hypolite, the hero, is an exponent of grand opera who becomes interested in Eugénie Massini, a pretty student of his art, and after a very unpleasant affair with a Russian princess, whose character is the author's personification of the *Bindweed* passion, offers her his love. The young singer is a devout Catholic, and though she loves him, having had very little opportunity of loving anyone worthier, has strength enough to resist his suggestion of love without marriage. Hypolite eventually adopts his beloved's views of love, and the book ostensibly ends happily, though we ourselves confess to echoing Eugénie's teachers comment, "He is in love—and *tout va bien*! But afterwards—!" We would be the last to assert the impossibility of such a change as that credited to Hypolite, but the man is selfish, sensual, weak, vain and inherently insincere; in fact, one of the least admirable of heroes and the most unlikely of men to become a reformed rake and remain one. The author writes with a certain strength—we do not refer to her occasional use of unusually coarse descriptions—and with a wealth of colour remarkable in a first book, a little reminiscent—perhaps the publisher's note suggested the likeness—of Lucas Malet himself. She seems to know the Parisian musical world—the scenes at the opera class are exceptionally well done—but her striving for effect occasionally undoes her. We protest that cows do not look "with joy" at old ladies who are about to take them for a walk. The famous revolutionary, La Couleuse de Sang, too, whose presence in the heroine's family tree makes such a picturesque justification of the abnormal savagery of her insane aunt, must have been a remarkable woman indeed, supposing the author's chronology to be correct, if she were in truth only Eugénie's great-grandmother.

The Shadow Riders, by Isabel Paterson. (The Bodley Head, 6s.)

NOTHING in this book becomes it like the title of it. Does it not summon misty, romantic pictures of horsemen that glide through forest brakes by moonlight upon mysterious and possibly sinister errands? But in point of fact a shadow rider is, according to the authoress, only a metaphorical rider, who forgets "the great objective" after which he is riding to watch his own shadow. This initial sense of disappointment that we suffered over the title never quite left us throughout the whole length—and it is a considerable length—of the book. It is a Canadian novel, but the authoress seems to have learnt something of her art from the novelists on the other side of the American border. At least she has some of their marked characteristics. She is very deliberate in her method, not in the least afraid of plunging into the details of politics and business, not in the least afraid of being dull. Thus we have the carefully studied stories of two love affairs in a rapidly growing Canadian town mingled with the "graft" and the scheming and the elections involved in the question of the town's electric tramways. Both are well if rather too laboriously done, and in Lesley Johns, the girl in the newspaper office, we have a heroine in many ways engaging; she has plenty of "go" and pluck, and we feel—what is a real comfort—that she was pleasant to look at. We do not in the least blame two young men for falling in love with her, but we do blame the authoress now and then for not settling on the right young man in rather fewer pages.

The Loitering Highway, by Sophie Cole. (Mills and Boon 6s.)

ONE of the characters in *The Loitering Highway*, Mrs. Vesper, is made to remark, *à propos* of fiction, "the end's so often disappointin' that I think I'd almost rather leave off at the beginning where it's nearly always interestin'." Intending readers will be relieved to hear that in the case of *The Loitering Highway* the end is not "disappointin'." The only fault we find with it—and perhaps it is really a virtue, after all—is that, as far as we are concerned, the end is no end, for though their story ceases to be told, we are convinced that the lives of the protagonists are still going on. We, who admit to sharing Mrs. Vesper's mistrust of "ends," read *The Loitering Highway* in fear, expecting each fresh chapter to be the one to tear us away from the arresting atmosphere of the first pages to introduce us to something more conventional, less like real life, and have to record with gratitude that the unexpected happened and that the author's mind is in that *rapproch* with her subject upon which so much of a book's appeal depends as surely upon the last page as the first. The "beginning" introduces us to Mrs. Vesper, caretaker of some riverside offices, who augments her income by evolving marvellous new garments from decrepit old ones; to Valeria her granddaughter, then a schoolgirl; and to Dickie Webster, artist and bargee. Later on come Rosalind, Valeria's school friend, her uncle Lord Stearn, excursions into the world of art, both that of the studio and that of the stage; but the interest, the atmosphere, the eye which sees, these remain the same. The plot of the story is simple enough. The one melodramatic circumstance with which the author might have surprised us she sacrifices in order that we may see with her the working of her characters' minds, and the sacrifice is justified by its effect. We do not remember to have found in any novel a better drawn picture of life in London as it appears to-day to the ordinary respectable, moderately wide-minded citizen. London's poverty is there—the wide, grey river, the bare branches of trees in the park seen against a sunset sky—its restless traffic, its pleasures—teas in cafés, cheap seats at the theatre, an inimitable description of a "first night"—the strange new phase that has come to it with the war, yet all these subservient to the tender inconclusive story of Rosalind and Dickie and Val. Dickie is perhaps the least convincing character in the book. Other people do so much to him that he seems scarcely to have space for action of his own, but he is eminently lovable, and his genius, unlike that of most heroes, seems quite possible. *The Loitering Highway* is not a great book. It offers the solution to no problem, answers no questions, though perhaps it asks one or two; but as portraying real life with its mixture of good and bad, folly and wisdom, humour and pain, love and failure, it is to be recommended to all who care to see that reflected in the mirror of our own times, and to other readers as a novel interesting and pleasant from the "beginning" to the "end."

The New Breed, by Andrew Firth. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

YOLANDE, the heroine of *The New Breed*, began her wedded life by meeting "the first blow, delivered in anger, that she had ever received" (not, we must admit, entirely unprovoked) from the hand of her husband. The blow had been "a heavy one, and with her hand up to her ringing ear she staggered back as he turned on his heel." Later on, when husband and wife were seated in the car on the way to his ancestral home, "he fancied, perhaps hypersensitively, that she shrank from him." We must acquit him of hypersensitiveness on this occasion. Yolande, not unnaturally, did shrink from him, and as a matter of fact continued to shrink from him to the end of the chapter. Such a beginning prepares one for melodrama, and lovers of such will perhaps be disappointed to find that after the startling violence of this blow the story develops into a straightforward tale, with a well worked out plot, of a marriage entered into in haste and repented at leisure, the principal actors of which, caught up into the movement of the great war, are forced to forget their own private concerns and act their parts like any other bits of the great machine. The hero is a naval officer, and the story snatches breezily of the sea and gives us an inspiring glimpse of the stupendous organisation and stern discipline of the Fleet in action. Espionage plays a part, and the patriotism and heroism of the new breed of man and woman are to the fore. Mr. Andrew Firth's book has a quality that raises it above the level of the mediocre—that of gaining in power and interest as it goes on. We glanced at the beginning—and put it down. We took it up, and read on. And by the time we got to the middle, our interest was enchained to the end.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Secret Service Man, by George Dilnot. (Nash, 5s.)
- Given in Marriage, by B. M. Croker. (Hutchinson, 6s.)
- The Night of Reckoning, by Frank Barrett. (Long, 6d.)
- The Redemption of Grace Milroy, by Carlton Dawe. (The Bodley Head, 6s.)
- The Barbarians, by J. Blyth. (Long, 1s.)
- George and Son, by Ed. H. Cooper. (Long, 6d.)
- Mist in the Valley, by Dorin Craig. (Long, 6s.)
- Jeremy's Love Story, by B. Y. Bendall. (Mills and Boon, 6s.)
- The Flemish System of Poultry Rearing, by Madame Jasper. (Country Life, 3s., 6d.)
- Cloud and Silver, by E. V. Lucas. (Methuen, 5s.)
- The Southern Star Library—V: Idea of Southern Star Unity. (The Near East, Limited 3d.)
- Lawn Tennis Lessons for Beginners, by J. Parmley Parc. (Macmillan, 5s. 6d.)
- Sacred Tales of India, by Dwijendra Nath Neogi, B.A. (Macmillan, 3s.)
- Graphology for All, by Graphique. (Hollings, 2s.)
- Bibliography of the Works of Thomas Hardy, by A. P. Webb. (Hollings, 6s.)
- The Khaki Men, by E. H. Taylor. (Long, 1s.)
- An Englishman's Farewell to his Church. (Mills and Boon, 1s.)
- The Ebbing Tide, by Viscount Haldane. (Mills and Boon, 6d.)
- The Germans in England, by Ian D. Colvin. (National Review Office.)
- The Call of the West, by Captain Galloway. (Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d.)
- The American Crisis and the War, by W. M. Fullerton. (Constable, 2s. 6d.)
- Hobson's Choice, by Harold Bighouse. (Constable, 2s. 6d.)
- The Royal Naval Air Service, by the late Harold Roshier. (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.)
- In Luxemburg in War Time, by Francis Gribble. (Headley Brothers, 5s.)
- The Science of Peace, by Stanley de Brath. (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d.)
- Victoria and Albert Museum: Review of the Principal Acquisitions During the Year 1915. His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1s.)

CORRESPONDENCE

"SORROW THAT SORROW GROWS LESS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This point is an interesting one, and one which Tennyson would have liked to discuss. I think there is something about it in Dante, but the exact passage does not occur to me at the moment. What does occur is a very beautiful and striking quotation which is generally well known, and I daresay you will recognise the lines of Matthew Arnold:

"But each day brings its petty dust
Our soon choked souls to fill,
And we forget because we must,
And not because we will."

—HERBERT WARREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On the interesting theme now being discussed in COUNTRY LIFE it may be in order to refer to Coventry Patmore's ode "Tired Memory," a somewhat subtle and difficult poem, in which he sought to reconcile his "new affection" for his second wife "with the still powerful love for his dead wife."—EDWARD SHILLITO.

LAND RECLAMATION IN SCOTLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is to be hoped that your timely articles and insistence on the importance of land reclamation in the development of national security in the future will bear immediate and abundant fruit. The fact, revealed by the Agricultural Returns for Scotland for 1916 published this month, that the area of crop and grass land has actually decreased in this country by 5,872 acres emphasises in a most undesirable way the necessity for your insistence. Nevertheless, it is satisfactory to note that a start has been made in the direction of more careful cultivation by the conversion of permanent grass into arable land, the latter having increased by 13,278 acres chiefly at the expense of the former, which has decreased by 19,150 acres. Yet much could be done by intensive cultivation and judicious use of artificial manures. There is no reason why all the land which was broken in during the heyday of Scottish agriculture in last century, much of which has already fallen back to grass, or even to waste, should not be made to bear useful and paying crops, for in the case of such land the heaviest burden of the reclaiming process has already been borne and is done with. But there are difficulties in the way of breaking in much of the new land which at first glance seems to offer fair prospect of reward. There are, of course, stretches of moss land and light land which enlightened methods could convert at a reasonable cost, and there are thousands of cultivated acres the crops on which could be almost infinitely improved; but a great initial expense on most of the ground reclaimed during the seventies was due to the removal of stones and boulders which even to-day strew many of the fields in the higher grounds in almost unworkable profusion. (Some account of the difficulties of such reclamation was given by me in an article in COUNTRY LIFE on "The Making of a Croft," published in the autumn of 1913.) A parallel has been drawn on several occasions between Scottish wastes and those of Belgium and Holland, and it has been suggested that what a Belgian or a Dutchman can do in reclaiming land ought not to be beyond a Scot. But does this parallel not ignore essential differences in the nature of the soil of the two countries, due directly to their geological history? The soil of Scotland is for the most part an exceedingly young production as soils go, for during the geologically recent Ice Age, when glaciers several thousands of feet thick entirely covered North Britain, the land was swept clean of the old accumulations of soil, a little of which was deposited in the valleys, but most of which was carried out to sea and lost. The melting of the ice left the lowlands covered with deep sheets of heavy and infertile clays, ground by the glaciers from the solid rock, while the high lands emerged mainly as masses of bare and ice-polished bedrock. But both high lands and low lands were similar in being thickly sprinkled with boulders and stones broken from the bedrock, carried with the flow of the glaciers and deposited as the ice disappeared. In general it is true to say that the fertile soil of Scotland began to form after the Ice Age had gone, perhaps 75,000 years ago. Naturally, it formed most rapidly in the low countries, to which the rivers carried the soil formed on the hills, spreading it as alluvium on the plains, covering the rocky *débris* left by the Ice Age, and forming great fertile tracts of deep, rich soil. In this process can be traced the origin of the fine farms in Ayrshire, the Lothians, the Merse in Berwickshire, the valleys of Forfar and Aberdeenshire, where, as you pointed out (September 9th), the Scottish farmer has no superior the world over. But it has been very different on the high grounds, for there even yet soil has not formed sufficiently to cover the boulders and stones dropped by the ice-fields; and it is just these boulders and stones that have been and are the greatest barrier to economic reclamation in many of the Scottish areas. On the other hand, the soils of Holland and Belgium have had a much more genial history. The glaciers of the Great Ice Age stopped short some distance to the north and left the Netherlands untouched; the fertile soil, rich with the vegetation of the Tertiary period, was not brushed rudely into the sea, nor was the land strewn with boulders; indeed, the soil has been accumulating undisturbed since, at shortest, the beginning of the Tertiary period, for, say, some millions of years. These facts, while they are perhaps mainly of scientific interest as explaining the origins of the soil, have also some practical bearing in so far as they suggest, *a priori*, differences in fertility and in possibilities of reclamation between some of the wastes of Scotland and the Netherlands. While I have cited Scotland as a typical sufferer from the Ice Age, the above remarks apply also to South Britain, where the glaciers reached southwards to the Thames Valley; but the application is less pointed, for in Scotland the glaciation was more intense and much more

prolonged in time, with the result that the present day effects are more noticeable and characteristic. It must not be supposed, however, that even the most unpromising of the Scottish high lands need necessarily lie waste. Boulder-strewn moorlands and hillsides which would never have repaid the expenses of conversion into arable land already bear in many districts, and even at high altitudes, valuable crops of timber.—JAMES RITCHIE, Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh.

TO MAKE A DAM WATERTIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a constant reader of your paper, I wish to find out through your columns if there is any good method of stopping a leak in the dam of a pool. The pool in question was cut out of a swampy valley full of alders and stagnant pools, with a small stream running through it. The earth and roots taken out were made into a dam at the lower end. Then a concrete wall faced with cement was built along the inside of this dam. The wall goes down a foot or more below the bottom of the water, the depth of the water being about five feet. Thus the pressure of the water at the bottom is only 2½ lb. per square inch. The leak appeared about six months after the pool was made, and came out of the dam near the overflow of the pond. The only places where the water seemed to be leaving the pond were two small holes in the clay at the base of the wall. We tried piling more clay against the wall, but the holes soon appeared again, and the leak never stopped. Then we poured some liquid cement down a pipe placed over the holes, and this seemed to be drawn in. However, the water continued to come out of the leak uncoloured, and did not diminish. I hope to see a suggestion in COUNTRY LIFE in the near future.—LEAKY POND.

[It is easier to make a dam watertight at the outset than to remedy leaks afterwards. The possibility of stopping the leak will depend on what damage the leak has actually done to the dam. Cracks can be stopped by the progressive insertion of white sand, but if there is even the smallest hole left, the water will always find its way out. Probably the surest way to stop the leaks would be to empty the pool through the hatch, make a small concrete floor projecting from the foot of the wall, cover it with a layer of sharp sand and then ram some clay over it.—ED.]

THE LATE EARL OF FEVERSHAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Of all the losses sustained by hunting since the beginning of the war none will be felt more keenly than the death of Lord Feversham, the Master of the Sinnington. His name will take a high place in the Roll of Honour, for he died leading a regiment of his own tenants and hunt followers raised by his influence and efforts. His loss is the greater in that he was one of those men who brought distinction to politics and sport, and while he appreciated the charm of both, nevertheless never lost sight of national work. Lord Feversham was keenly interested in horse breeding. He bred horses and ponies at Duncombe, and gave his best assistance to the horse societies. He was President of the Polo and Riding Pony Society at the critical period when the widening of the scope of the Society's work seemed to make the change to a name claiming a greater influence in the encouragement of pony breeding imminent. I recollect how, when at a Council meeting, Lord Helmsley from the chair gave his vote for the change, the proposer and himself being the only two members who did so. But those who worked with him recognised that he had the foresight of a statesman, and there is no doubt that he would have gone far. In his many varied activities, political and social, he had success as statesman, landlord and agriculturist. The Yorkshire farmers liked and trusted him, and many followed him to the death. Lord Feversham had the gift of unfailing tact and a singular charm of manner, so that he often inclined those with whom he acted to fall in with his views. He led a very full and busy life, but he was equally keen and thorough in his amusements. I can recollect his coming up from Oxford to play for the University at polo. He won the match almost off his own stick, and we were agreed at Hurlingham that not since Mr. Buckmaster and Mr. Heseltine came from Cambridge had we seen a university player of more promise. His play had the same combination of dash and deliberation which marked him afterwards as a huntsman and a rider to hounds. It was impossible to come across him in business and not to like him; impossible, too, not to be impressed with the promise of future power and leadership he showed. The country interest will miss him. Horsebreeding and agriculture are poorer for his death, and it may be that the whole nation may have reason to mourn the loss of a man of such present value and future hopes were it not that perhaps the splendour of such deaths and the example set is worth more to a nation than any possible political service.—X.

PEARS BLOOMING IN SEPTEMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few days ago I saw in a garden at Leytonstone, Essex, a pear tree in full bloom, and it struck me as unusual for September. Is it so, or just that I have never happened to see one at this time of year.—A. BURLS.

[The blooms that come late either on apples or pears are from buds that did not develop at the proper season. They never mature and do no harm to the tree.—ED.]

WOODLICE AND EARWIGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, "F. M. D.," will find dry bean stalks cut into lengths of about a foot and laid on the floor of greenhouse or flower-beds an effective trap for these pests. They hide in the hollow stalks from the light, and can be blown into a bowl of boiling water every morning. Another use for sawdust—I find it a good medium for plunging pots containing bulbs. It is light, clean and warm.—P. B. BURROUGHS.

JAYS AS MIMICS.

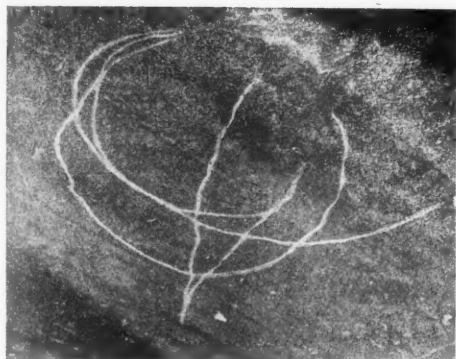
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Willford's very interesting account of some of the inmates of his aviaries, particularly his description of the lanceolated jay, reminded me of some young common jays which I once rescued from the hands of a keeper. Two of the three birds which I brought home and reared successfully made very amusing pets for several years. Every sound they heard with any frequency was mimicked. The jays would bark like a dog, or howl and spit so successfully that we often imagined a cat to be in the aviary. They also learned several combinations of whistling notes with which they were greeted at feeding times, and a double-toned school bell, which regularly tolled in their hearing, was imitated to perfection, including the "ring" of the metal. Mice and sparrows which came to share the food of the jays were often seized and eaten, one of the most comical recollections I have of them being the mental picture of the larger one, crest erected, hopping from perch to perch, uttering the double bell-note, with a long, thin tail in his beak which, together with a small piece of skin, was all that remained of a mouse. Mr. Willford must have had many more experiences with his feathered guests, which would be interesting if related.—RALPH CHISLETT.

WORM TRACKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs show some of the patterns made recently by worms in their endeavours to cross from one side of a carriage drive to the other. A shower of rain in the night seems to have tempted the creatures



HOW WORMS TRAVEL.

side. The top photograph No. 1 shows a track 45ft. 2in. in length, traced by a worm in crossing the road, which is 12ft. in width. The circles increased in size as it progressed, and although the traveller was at one time within a couple of feet of the turf edge it was seeking, it started out again on a last circle which took it back nearly to the centre of the road, whence, by a long, straggling line, it at last reached its goal. Another worm made the journey shown in the second photograph. It started on the left, and having finished three fairly well made circles, it set out in a straight line for the other side. Having gone 4ft. 3in., it retraced its "steps," on the same line, for a few inches, and finally arrived home 18in. from the place of departure, having covered over 20ft. There is an edging of asphalt about a foot in width at the sides of this road, and it is just possible that its smell baffles the worms in their endeavours to find the turf that lies beyond it. It should be noticed, however, that those worms which tried to cross diagonally generally succeeded, as may be seen by the diagonal lines showing in both photographs.—ETHELBERT HORNE.

CLUBS FOR ONE-HANDED GOLFERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think you might be doing a very helpful thing if you could invite and persuade some of your readers who have had experience of golf with one hand to give us the results of that experience. Never since I first began golf (and that means more years than I care to reckon) have I heard so much talk on any golfing subject (which, again, is saying much) or so great a divergence of opinion as there is just now about the best kind of club for the one-handed golfer. Unhappily, the number of golfers who will, for the future, be reduced

to one-handed methods for their playing the game is large, and is increasing every day that the war endures. On only two points do I find any tolerable agreement, that the clubs for the one-handed golfer must be short, and that they must be thick in the grip. The thick grip seems essential if the one hand is to have any sufficient control of the club, and the necessity for the shortened shaft seems almost obvious. But should the clubs be light or heavy? Is it desirable that the grip should be "shaped," with indentations for the fitting in of the fingers and the thumb? In addressing the ball should the player stand open or square? In what way should he who has lost a right hand apply himself to the game (presuming that he was a right-handed player when he had his two hands), will he play a forward stroke with left-handed clubs or a back-handed stroke with right-handed clubs? To this last question I cannot attempt any answer, and have heard it argued very differently. To the other questions I will suggest my own answers, being very fully aware that they are most liable to correction. I believe, as a result of trial, that the clubs should be rather light, though this is rather contrary to my first idea, which was that they would need to be heavy to make up for their shortness. In regard to the next question, I certainly seem to find myself helped by the shaping of the grip. It gives a better feeling of control of the club. And for the third question, the square stance seems to make for a flatter swing than the open, and far more power in the stroke. But these are no more than results of very brief and quite inadequate experience. There are many who have made a study of one-handed golf; there are others who have perforce to play with one hand, because it is all that is left to them. Their experience would be most interesting, as well as helpful, if they would be good enough to give it. To them I make this appeal.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

WOMEN'S FARM ATTIRE.

[THE EDITOR]

SIR,—I venture to send you an interesting photograph in the hope of your accepting it if suitable for reproduction. It shows two women wearing the usual dress of East Lothian farm workers. They wear a caned bonnet, termed an "Ugly," and very often a red handkerchief below, so that the face is completely protected; short skirts, a shawl over the shoulders, ends pinned back, and very strong boots. It is quite a picturesque dress, I think, and seems to fulfil all the requirements of farm work.—(Miss) J. CARRICK.



SCOTTISH WOMEN HARVESTERS.

CHEAPLY PRODUCED MEATSTUFF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In spite of the claims put forward for other breeds on the ground of less bone and more meat, I would suggest that people should go in for keeping and rearing Belgian hare rabbits. These, I have found from personal experience, can be kept inexpensively with very little trouble, bringing in a big return from a small outlay. They eat the weeds of the garden, which are otherwise thrown away, and can be kept in movable hutches, made at a cost of 6d., on any patch of grass. I can confidently recommend the keeping of Belgian hares, not only in the interests of national production, but as a profitable speculation on a small scale. They are very little trouble indeed, and the initial outlay is extremely small. The cheapest way to start is with youngsters, mating them at seven months old, and, until you begin to get a return for your outlay, housing them in packing cases (price 6d.) adapted at home. Their principal food is grass, and they need very little else. It takes only a few minutes to move the light little runs in the morning and at midday. In winter, or indeed at any time, they enjoy a bit of any root, carrot, swede, mangold, etc., thrown in. When kept in wooden-floored hutches they eat the garden weeds and a handful of oats at night or a little bran made moist with porridge, with the addition of a little toppings or middlings. This brings the young families on grandly, but I should mention that few people go to this trouble, which is more in the nature of a treat than a necessity. They should always have a small rack

of hay. A saucer of bread and milk in the mornings for a doe with young is a great help to the mother. They have a litter about every six weeks. You will see by this that the labour of keeping them is very small, and as the average litter is ten, you can soon raise a big stock. To adapt the packing case, place an inner butter box facing away from the opening of case. This prevents the rain driving in. For extra warmth in winter cover this with a sack, and stuff on top, inside and all round, with hay. This serves them as a bed and a hay rack combined. The roof should have a piece of felt or tin extending a little beyond the hutch. Then add a 3ft. 6in. wire run nailed on to four pieces of wood attached to packing case. At three months old the hares are ready for market and are delicious to eat. Should any of your readers care to go in for this industry, which is a delightful one, I should be glad to help them. I may add that the French peasant women, who are noted economists, all keep them, and supply their husbands with a good rabbit for their dinners every Sunday in the year.—L. BLACKBURN.

STORKS AT SALONIKA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing two snapshots of storks' nests, which have been sent to me from Salonika by the last mail. As you will see by the accompanying



AT THE MOMENT OF ALIGHTING.

information, the storks are domiciled not far from the camp. I thought you might find them suitable for insertion.—E. M. MACLEOD.

AN INTERESTING CATCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a thresher or fox shark that was caught a few days back in the mackerel nets off Sidmouth, South Devon. The



A THRESHER SHARK CAUGHT AT SIDMOUTH.

shark receives its name from its habit of lashing the water with its long tail, thereby frightening and herding together the fish upon which it preys, when they can the more readily be dealt with. It is also stated that the thresher, together with the sword-fish and the killer, will attack whales, the former making use of its caudal appendage as a weapon with which to belabour its gigantic victim. As, however, the creature is but badly provided with flesh-tearing teeth, it has been suggested that the thresher merely co-operates in the work of killing the whale in order that it may claim the right to feast upon the quarry by partaking of any small fragments of the cetacean's body that may happen to come its way.—W. S. B.

BARLEY FROM OATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a previous number of your journal (October 9th, 1912) a statement is made on the authority of an ancient writer, Elihu Burritt, and a modern agriculturist, to the effect that oats when treated in a particular way have produced a plant resembling barley. To test this assertion I tried the experiment with both winter and spring oats. The latter were a complete failure as they did not survive the winter. I sowed the winter oats both in the autumn and in the spring, cut the resultant plants down twice and allowed them to mature the following summer. The ears are

quite normal, which seems to me to prove that the statement referred to above is incorrect.—C.

["J. B.'s" letter appeared in our issue of October 19th, 1912. We scarcely thought that anybody would take seriously the idea that oats by cutting twice in summer would produce barley, but, as our agricultural correspondent "W." showed at the time, superstition was prevalent in rural districts during the 'sixties of the last century.—Ed.]

A MASTER OF POISE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Two years ago you printed a photograph of my black poodle Maximilian when he took a prize at the Kennel Club Show. This dog is remarkable for walking or standing with a perfectly straight upright back. If you care to make use of the enclosed snapshots which show his power in this way, you are welcome to do so. —CHANNING OF WELLINGBOROUGH.

A TAME WILD DUCK.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to see the tameness of a hand-reared wild duck, one of thirteen hatched under a hen, and reared without the loss of a chick, thanks to careful attention from the beginning. Five of the lot, now all good flyers, will alight on the tray, and one, as seen in the accompanying photograph, perches on my hand. This duck will feed out of my other hand, and, what is more, will take a grain of maize from between my lips.—A. H.-J.



WALKING UPRIGHT AS A SOLDIER.



STANDING ON THE UNEVEN SLATS OF A GARDEN SEAT.



ITS ACCUSTOMED PERCH.